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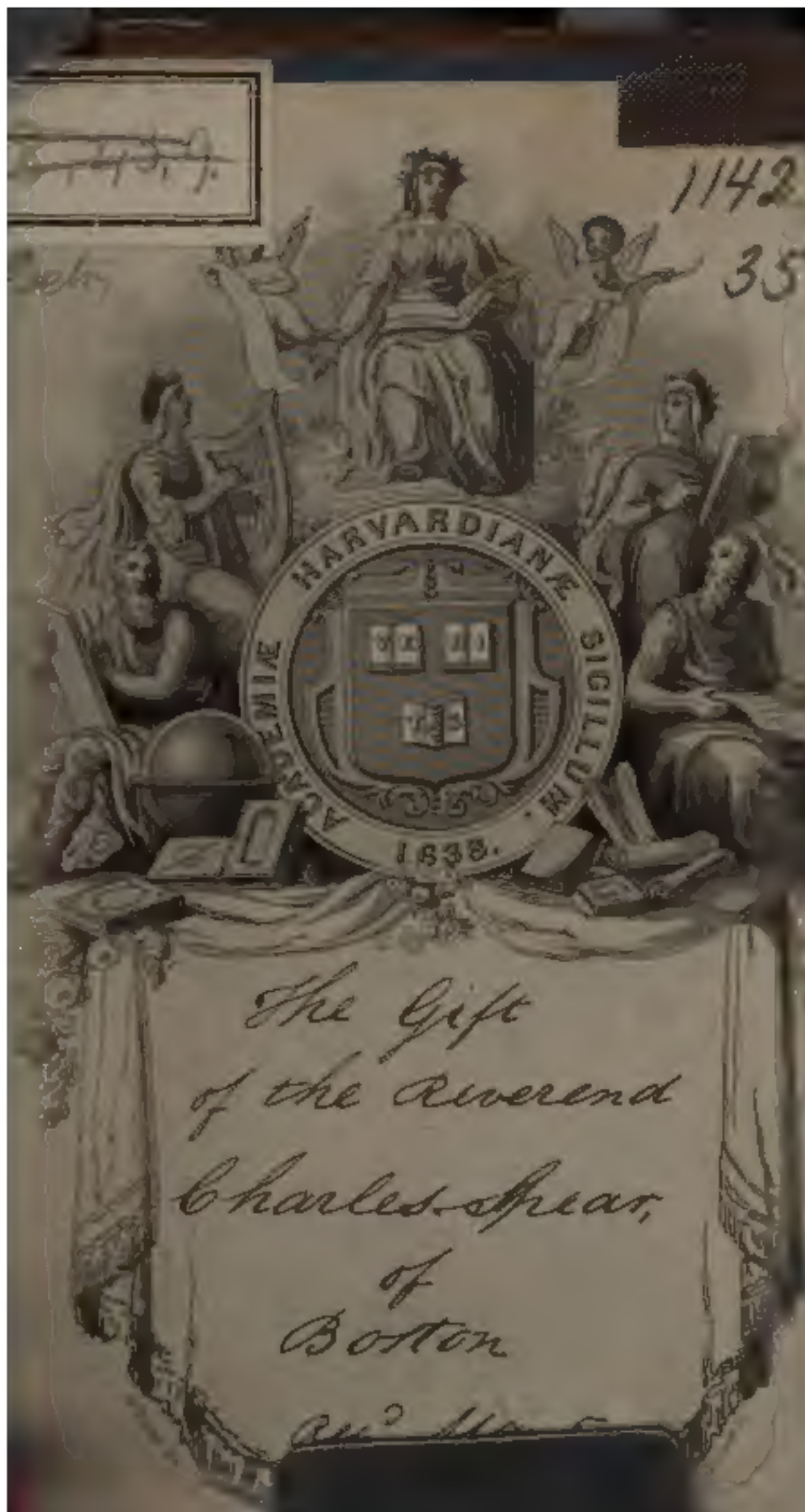
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W. B. Spear.



MAY DAY
ANNUAL.

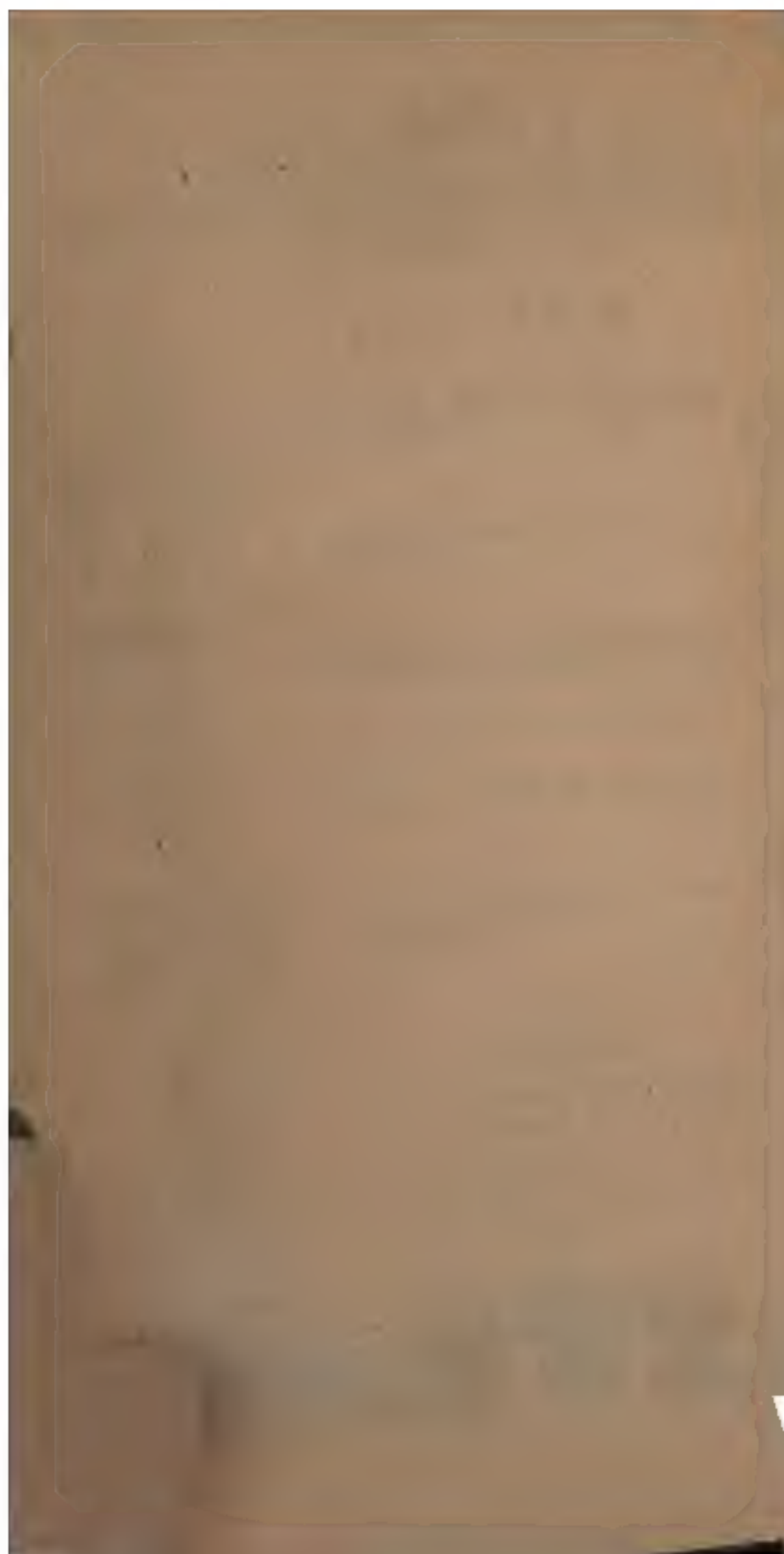
Voices from Prison,
A
SELECTION OF POETRY
From various Prisoners,
WRITTEN WITHIN THE CELL.

The monument of banish'd minds.
Sir W. D'Avenant.

BOSTON :
PRISONER'S FRIEND OFFICE,
No. 40 Cornhill.

LONDON :
JOHN G. CHAPMAN.
1847.







ELIZABETH FRY.

6

VOICES

FROM

PRISON :

BEING A

**Selection of Poetry from various Prisoners,
WRITTEN WITHIN THE CELL.**

THE MONUMENT OF BANISH'D MINDES.

Sir W. D' Avenant.

BOSTON :

C. & J. M. SPEAR, 40 CORNHILL.

LONDON :

JOHN CHAPMAN, 121 NEWGATE ST.,

1847.

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*Gift of Rev. C. Spear
of Boston*

Rec. May 5, 1847-

**Entered according to an Act of Congress, in
year 1847, by**

C. & J. M. SPEAR.

**In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of
Massachusetts.**

THIS VOLUME
IS RESPECTFULLY AND AFFECTIONATELY
DEDICATED
TO THOSE WOMEN,
WHO NOBLY VOLUNTEERED
THEIR AID
IN THE FIRST AMERICAN FAIR FOR
THE BENEFIT OF THE
Prisoner's Friend.

P R E F A C E .

The object of this work is to present a volume of Poetry written within the prison. During the labor of conducting a periodical, several valuable pieces came into our possession, written by the inmates of our penitentiary, some few of which have hitherto appeared. In looking over the pages of history we soon discovered that a volume could be prepared for the press. Undoubtedly a much larger work could in time be prepared.

The collection will give the reader a view of the workings of the human soul when the outward world is shut out.

Some minds become inactive when deprived of liberty. On the Poet the effect is widely different. He becomes tender and imaginative in his confinement. His very loneliness gives a livelier activity to his soul. It is well described by Roger L'Estrange :—

Have you not seen the nightingale,
A pilgrim coop'd into a cage,
How doth she chant her wonted tale,
In that her lonely hermitage!
Even there her charming melody doth prove,
That all her boughs are trees, her cage a grove.'

Irving in his sketch book says, 'it is the divine attribute of the imagination that it is irrepressible, unconfined, that when the real world is shut out, it can create a world for itself, and with a necromantic power, can conjure up glorious shapes and forms, and brilliant visions to make solitude populous, and to irradiate the gloom of the dungeon.'

Some of our best poets have labored to present the loneliness and gloom of prison solitude. Who has not read the thrilling description of 'The Prisoner of Chillon,' by Byron, and 'The Prisoner for Debt,' by Whittier? But who can describe the wretchedness of the cell, like the prisoner himself? If he is a poet, his soul breaks forth from the restraint and gloom of his confinement. With him there is no imagination. All is stern, living reality; he knows what it is to be a convict. He thinks of his pleasant home. In his solitude he welcomes even the loathsome insect, or the despised mouse. How was that little bird welcomed that once entered the cell of James I., during his tedious confinement of eighteen years!

What a thrilling history might be written of the prisoner! What a work to trace out the gloomy records of the Church Prison, on the one hand, and the State Prison, on the other! This little volume is an attempt to give the Poetry of the Prison. Who will write the Prose? What a history of the death

penalty, to trace out the hours of the condemned while looking forward to his execution! How heavily has that law fallen on the hero, the martyr, and the scholar! With minds far-reaching beyond their age, misunderstood and unappreciated, they have perished. And what a melancholy chapter might be written on the fate of human discoverers! And what a brilliant chapter, too; all sparkling with facts in human progress!

The first part of the volume has been confined to the writings of convicts; one of whom is now within the walls of our own penitentiary. The names we have purposely withheld for their sake. The reason is obvious. Among these productions, the reader will find a deep feeling of sympathy. Who can read without emotion 'The Prisoner's Address to his Mother'? Who can help admiring the touching, simplicity of 'The Blind Girl'? How feelingly has the Poet described 'The Prisoner and his Mouse!'

The second part contains several familiar names associated with liberty and human progress. Here we found enough for volumes, instead of a little collection. Who has not read the quaint work of *Pilgrims Progress*, by BUNYAN, the lofty poetry of MONTGOMERY, the mystic strains of MADAME GUION, the interesting narrative of DODD, the stirring poems of RALEIGH, the sublime strains of PLACIDO, the biting satires of DE FOX, the affect-

ing history of ANDRE, and the labors of a GARRISON?

The third part contains the poems of those who have been thrust from the throne to the dungeon. Removed from the splendors of the palace to the gloomy cell, they have found solace in the charms of poetry. We could have here enriched our work much more, but our time was limited.

Should the work be kindly welcomed, another collection may be expected. Should it not succeed, we shall feel, even then, that we have discharged a sacred duty to the prisoner.

In closing, it may be remarked that the work was more especially prepared for the first American Fair in aid of the Prison Reform.

The notes may be found at the close of the volume.

CHARLES SPEAR.

JOHN M. SPEAR.

Boston, May 1, 1847.

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VOICES FROM PRISON.

PART I.

POEMS BY STATE PRISONERS.

THE BEAUTIES OF MAY.

How pleasant it is through the valleys to ramble,
When Spring is arrayed in her robe of May-green,
When eglantine, rose-bush, and each little bramble,
Enamel'd in beauty before us are seen:

When birds with their mates in the branches are
woing,
And breathing the language of love in their ear,
When snipes by the swamp-flags their sports are
pursuing,
And lap-wings by each little streamlet appear:

When linnets are singing on breeze-rocking bushes,
And goldfinches dance on the white-blossom'd
thorn,

When woodlands are vocal with blackbirds and
thrushes,
And dells sweetly echo the music of morn:

When newly-born lambs at the foot of the moun-
tain,

* * * * *

When rosy-cheek'd lasses with light step are ganging,
O'er meadows with milking-pails hung on their
arm,

Their ringlet so nice down their necks loosely hang-
ing,

And song sweet enough the deaf adder to charm:

When bees on the lilies and blue-bells are sitting,
O'erloading themselves with a nectar so mild,

When butterflies gaudily painted are flitting,
In high air, the sport of the school-boy and child:

When fuschias hang their vermillion petals,
And heliotropes court the meridian ray,

When lady-birds, buzzards, and bright diamond
beetles,

On rich verdant carpets transported by play:

'Tis then I behold with profusion before me,
Which baffles my every attempt to describe,
The proof that the eye of an Unseen is o'er me,
Who watches the most insignificant tribe:

That nothing's too mean for that eye to pass over,
No object on earth too minute for his care,
That insects too small for mankind to discover,
Alike in his love and his guardianship share.

The wild wreaths that grow by the lowly built
dwelling,
The woodbine that winds round the casement and
door,
Are all in their way unassumingly telling,
God has not forgotten the humble and poor.

Deso earth hold the being, so shrouded in blindness,
So blighted by man's irreversible curse,
As not to be touch'd by an impress of kindness,
Which brute animation seems glad to rehearse?

O then let us bow in devout adoration,
And hallow with carols the upland and grove,
Let's offer the faithful, the heart-felt oblation,
Of holy respect to a God who is love.

THE TEMPERANCE PLEDGE.

Ort have I paced this lonely cell,
With care-worn brow and heaving breast,
And vainly seeking for some spell
To lull this troubled heart to rest;
I've searched each nook in memory's store,—
Have trac'd my course from infancy,—
And call'd up friends who are no more,
Who lov'd me well, when I was free.

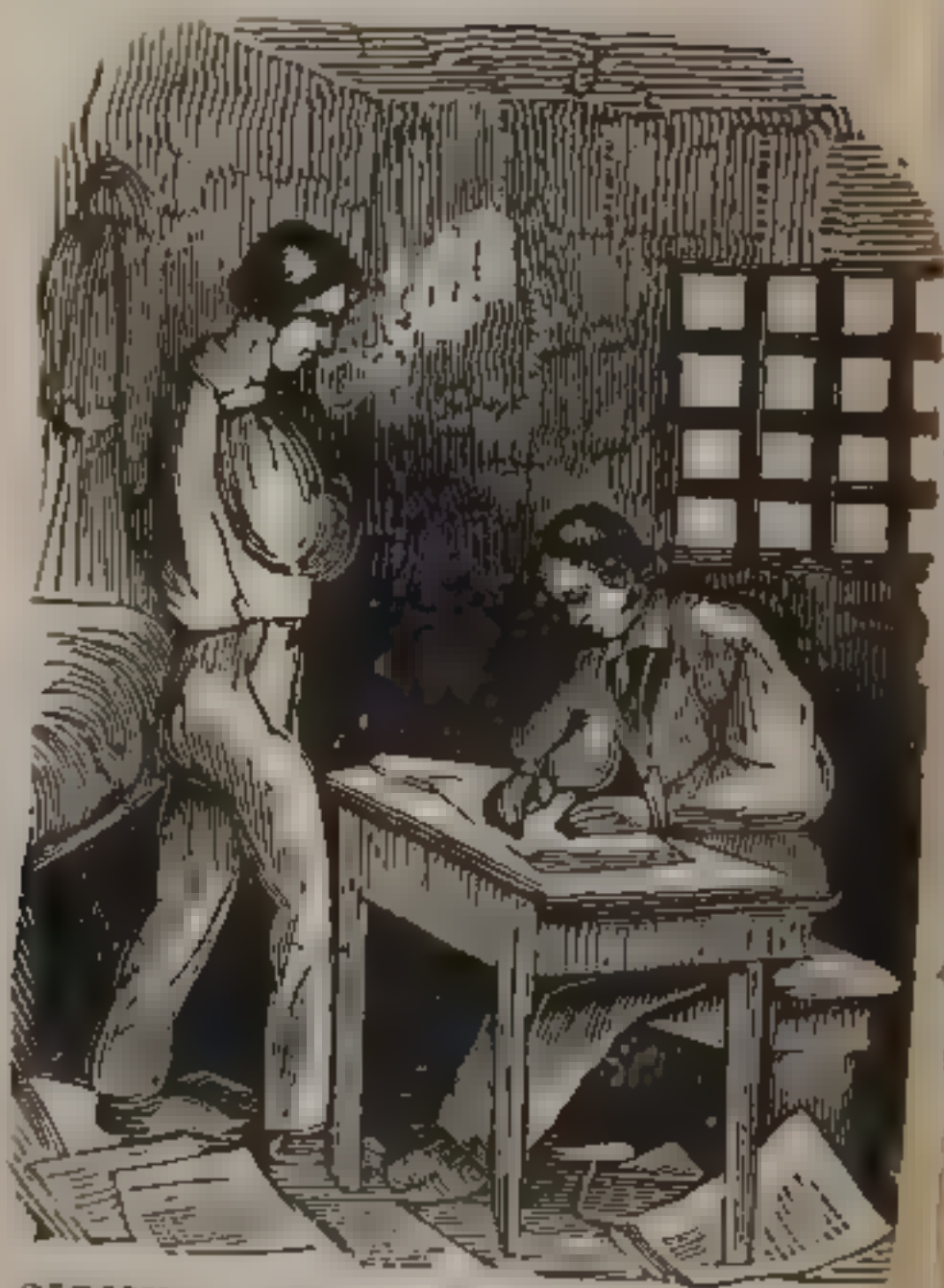
I've thought to shun that chilling blast,
That swept my early hopes away,
And from the shadow of the Past,
Have tried to glean a cheering ray;
I've loitered long on childhood's years,
When kindly friends encircled me,
Supplied my wants, dried up my tears,—
Then I was happy,—I was free.

But weary thought returns again,
And then reality appears;
It only adds to error's chain,
Those links that have been hid for years,

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SIGNING THE PLEDGE IN PRISON.

I cannot hide those guilty stains,
I cannot shun my misery;
Of all my friends not one remains,
'Tis vain to think I e'er was free.

My wife, my partner of the past,
Who vowed before the holy shrine,
As long as life's brief course should last,
To link her earthly lot with mine—
They say she has annulled that vow,
And ta'en my babes away from me;
And even she forgets me now,
Who loved so well, when I was free.

My friends they left me one by one,
Like ruthless leaves when summer's past,
That leave the stem they rested on
Alone, to bear the winter's blast;
And I alone my grief endure.
E'en pity has no tear for me;
And, if she had, 'twould not restore
Departed days, when I was free.
Yet Hope! still faithful to the last,
(*The pris'ner sees her glit'ring rays,
Like gems into his dungeon cast,*)
She bids me look for better days.

And then experience points a course
And from temptation bids me flee,
And bids me join this Temperance force,
The TEMP'RANCE PLEDGE will keep n

'Twas Alcohol, deceitful fiend!
That lured me with his essence sweet,
I only knew him as a friend,
I had not seen his cloven feet,
But now, the scales are from my eyes,
His hideous form too plain I see,
To trust again whate'er his guise;
I'll spurn his path when I am free.

There may be some who think me gay,
And deem I need not pity's tear,—
Mirth is but feigned, to hide away
The sorrow that is lurking here.
And ah! they know not with what power
The pris'ner feels adversity,
When at lone midnight's sleepless hour,
He thinks on days when he was free.

Oh! Reader, may you never feel,
Those pangs that sting a guilty breast,
The throbbing wound that cannot heal,
The troubled mind that cannot rest,

Such sorrows that no tongue can tell,
Of want, and woe, and misery,
The pris'ner feels in his lone cell,
With heart that's panting to be free.

* * * * *

These fettered limbs had parent's care,
Who showed the path of rectitude,
And taught these lips to lisp a prayer,
And ask of Heav'n my daily food;
To God my Father I will go,
And daily bow the humble knee;
And seek his aid to heal my woe,
To keep me now, and when I'm free.

And if these erring feet should tread,
One more upon this world's broad stage,
I'll strive to earn my daily bread,
From precepts in the sacred page;
I'll strive to do by other men
As I would they should do by me;
And God will make me happy then,
And from a prison keep me free.

C. M.

THE BLIND GIRL.(1)

TOGETHER through the flowery fields,
One pleasant summer's day,
With cautious steps, two children trod
The smooth, yet tiresome way.

The elder was a lovely boy,
Of meek and heavenly mind,
The little girl was lovely too,
But she, alas! was blind.

He'd tell her how the sun by day,
And little stars by night,
Peeped thro' soft clouds, to gild the earth
With beams of brilliant light.

And then he'd cull wild flowers, and weave
A chaplet for her hair,
And strive to make her understand
How beautiful they were.

Soon as her feeble limbs were tired,
He led her from the glade,—
And strewed with moss an easy seat
Beneath the green tree's shade.

Then, side by side they sat them down,
And happy seemed to be;
And listened to the song-bird's strain
Of joyous melody.

' Tell me, dear brother! Tell me if
Yon happy bird that sings,
Is beautiful; say, is he plumed
With gold or azure wings?'

' Yes, dearest, he seems beautiful,
And plumed with hues most rare;
And, proudly perch'd upon yon bough,
He's swinging in the air.'

But, as he spake, her bosom heav'd;
He mark'd the deep drawn sigh,—
And saw the tear-drop on her cheek
Fall from her sightless eye.

The truth with all its gathering force,
Had crossed her troubled mind,
And words came trembling from her lips,
' Shall I be always blind?'

'I know that I can feel and hear,
As you and mother say,
And many things enjoy,—but shall
I ne'er behold the day?

'You tell me of the little birds,
And green leaves on the tree,
And skies serene and beautiful,
But, shall I never see?'

She clasped her arms around his neck,
And kiss'd him o'er and o'er,
And said, 'could I but see thy face,
I would not sorrow more.'

He tried to soothe with loving words,
And bid her never mind;
That he and mother loved as well,
As if she were not blind.

He told her of a brighter world,
Up in the soft blue air;
And mother said if they were good
They'd see each other there.

Soon after this, the little girl
Grew sick, and pale, and weak;
Her brother still kept by her side,
Still kissed her pallid cheek.

He'd kneel beside her little bed,
And earnest pray to heaven,
That if so pure a soul had sins,
That they might be forgiven.

She whisper'd these last moving words,
'Oh, do not weep for me:
I'm going to that brighter world
I soon, I soon shall see.'

C. M.

TO MY SISTER, ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

THY birth day, with the opening year,
Again is come, my sister dear;
But oh! it comes not, as of old,
With smiling friends, and bliss untold,
To smooth life's rugged way:
It comes to tell of pleasures fled,
Of happy faces long since dead;
Of kind companions, loved, adored,
Who gathered round our frugal board,
To cheer the passing day.

It comes to tell of seasons bright,
Which have not been improved aright;
Of fancied griefs, which, if compared,
Were joys, with those I've lately shared,
For such but few have felt:

I hear it speak of hopes decayed,
Of man, confiding man, betrayed
By one who murmured at the breast
To which thy own young lips were prest,
And at the same lap knelt.

In one lone thought a joy I find,
Which tends to soothe my troubled mind,
Which triumphs o'er all minor grief,
And in its store affords relief,

Has balm for wounds like mine:
Though change in all things else appear,
One heart there is that's still sincere;
And beats as fondly as in hours
When home was strewn with childhood's flowers
That heart—that heart is thine.

One faithful friend! Her worth I feel;
One soul devoted to my weal,
One voice that never gave me pain,
Except when weeping o'er my chain,

Forged by a single wrong:
But hush thine agonizing cries,
And wipe those tearlets from thine eyes;
Forget the past, and bear in mind,
The present is for good designed,
And such will prove ere long.

Where am I now? How changed the scene!
Among the meanest of the mean,
Mixed with the scum of every isle,(2)
Whose actions foul and treacherous smile
Would fain their like beget:
Yes, some are fiends, who'd build their creed
On human skulls, nor shrink to feed
Their cravings at the crimson tide
Fresh flowing from a brother's side—
With such I'm now beset.

The star of hope begins to rise,
And gild the long o'erclouded skies
With brighter beams than they can know,
Who have not felt a kindred woe,
And wore the captive's link:
Before the year has run its race,
I'll hasten to thy fond embrace,
And in a long—long hallowed kiss,
My full reality of bliss
Again, as erst, I'll drink.

THE CONVICT TO HIS BIBLE.

HEAVEN'S best and dearest treasure,
Record of the great I Am,
Source of comfort, source of pleasure,
Ever flowing, healing balm.

Are we in affliction cradled?
Thou canst make the bitter sweet,
And by thy support enabled,
Human ills we calmly meet.

Thou the sin-sick soul can lighten,
When the clouds of darkness lower;
And with cheerful smiles can brighten
Death, cold death's approaching hour.

Atheists may mock and jeer thee,
But the time will surely come
When thine enemies shall hear thee
Read the sentence of their doom.

Beacon light of man's salvation,
Guardian of domestic bands!
Purest fortress of our nation,
Rock on which our freedom stands!

Wert thou banished from our border,
In our homes no longer read,
Rapine, lust and foul disorder
O'er Columbia's vales would spread.

Home would lose its sweet communion,
Fireside altars be o'erturned,
All that elevates our Union
With contemptuous coldness spurned.

Intellectual flowers would languish,
Poisoned be the springs of peace,
And, unmoved by human anguish,
True benevolence would cease.

THE PRISONER.

I.

AT the lone hour of night, in his iron-bound cell,
When the peaceful in slumber are hush'd,
He looks back on life to the spot where he fell,
And mourns o'er those joys that are crushed,

II.

O'er friendships withdrawn, o'er beloved ones estranged,
For he once had beloved ones like thee;
But the cup of his bliss to sorrow is changed,
And his pleasure to deep misery.

III.

I knew him in childhood, in boyhood, in youth,
Ere his heart knew of sorrow or guile,
When the words from his lips were regarded as truth,
And his face wore an innocent smile.

IV.

I have known when his hopes in the future looked
bright,

When a father was proud of his son, '
 When a mother's fond eye beamed with anxious de-
 light,

As she view'd the first prize he had won.

v.

I was present the while at the altar he stood,

With the fair one he lov'd by his side;
Oh how fondly he gaz'd on the one he had woo'd,
As she tendered her hand as his bride,

VI.

And I know that his heart had affection's pure flame,

Yes, the warm flow of feeling was there,
And I know that e'en now, since the bitterness came,
'Tis that same one his heart holds most dear.

VII.

I knew him a father, when he cheerfully smiled

On the loved one that clung to his knee,
And he thought, while caressing his beautiful child,
There was no one more happy than he.

VIII.

But ah! the destroyer soon lured him away,
And those happy endearments are gone,
And the victim is doomed in a prison to lay,
There unheeded to sorrow alone.

IX.

I saw the sad change hovering over his fate,
When chill poverty entered his door,
When creditors came too impatient to wait,
It grieved him to feel he was poor.

X.

Then I saw the dark shadow o'ermantling his brow,
As if telling the struggle within,
For the dear ones he loved looked cold on him now,
And the eyes that once shone were now dim.

XI.

I have followed him still to his gloomy abode,
When his heart-strings with anguish were press'd,
I have been near his pillow when the tear-drops have
flow'd
From the fountain of grief in his breast.

XII.

I have heard the deep sigh! the lone prisoner's sigh!
When the soul struggles hard with despair—
And ah! I have heard, when no one was nigh,
The contrite petitioner's prayer. C. M.

THE PRISONER'S ADIEU.

ADIEU, ye green trees, ye soft meadows, adieu,
Ye rocks, and ye mountains, I hasten from you,
No more shall my eyes with your beauties be blest,
No more shall ye soothe my sad bosom to rest.

Ye birds, who so sweetly on each verdant spray
Now twitter your love and your troubles away,
Ah, what would I give in your pleasures to share,
To stray where I please, and to breathe the fresh air.

Ye fishes so nimble, that sport in the stream,
Revived by the warmth of the sun's cheering
beam,
No more shall I witness your skill in the wave,
Debarred from all freedom on this side the grave.

No more shall I taste the pure breezes of morn,
Nor view the soft shadows steal over the lawn,
Nor sun, moon nor stars shall again bless my sight,
The gloom of a prison, a cold, cheerless night.

Roll on, noble river, in grandeur and pride,
Waft the stores of thy country on every side,
Bring thy full share of wealth from the wide-spread-
ing sea,
Though comfort and hope must be strangers to me.

O horror! my misery never can cease,
Nor my bosom again know the solace of peace;
By the scorpions of justice now scourged from man-
kind,
I leave neither friendship nor pity behind.

With the goadings of guilt, in the depths of despair,
What words can the height of my anguish de-
clare?
The just laws of my country have fixed my sad
doom,
To be buried alive in the damp dungeon's tomb.

What is life without liberty, oft have I said,
To sweeten pale poverty's pittance of bread;
These chains and a prison extort a deep sigh,
My heart sinks within me, I languish to die.

Farewell to my friends, now unwilling to own
That such a vile outcast they ever have known,
Oh that pang! but 'twas due to my children and
wife,
O pity and pardon a prisoner for life.

THE MOONBEAM.

ONE night as I lay on my pallet of straw,
And gazed through my dungeon's dark gloom,
Methought as I gazed, some fair vision I saw,—
'Twas a moonbeam had entered my room.

It was but a moonbeam, tho' strange to my sight,
As a comet that seldom appears;
I knew of bright orbs that illumine the night,
Yet I had not beheld them for years.

It was but a speck, and it soon was away,
Still it cheered me as onward it moved,
To think, by some chance, perhaps this simple ray,
Might smile on some one that I loved.

I welcomed the stranger, I welcome it still,
I watch for its coming with glee,
It reminds me of Him, by whose gracious will,
It visits poor creatures like me. C .M.

WASHINGTONIAN SONG.

Tune—*Blue Bonnets.*

MARCH, march, brave Washingtonian,
March to the conquest, the field is before ye,
Strike, strike, the foe's not a puny one,
Strike, until Alcohol's hosts flee before you:
Standards are flying,
Thousands are crying,
Haste to the battle-field, share in the glory;
Work, lads, your engines well,
Send the fiend back to hell,
Give him no quarter till death be the story.

Come, come, friends of humanity,
See how the flood of intemperance rages;
Crush, crush drunken insanity,
Blazon your name on Philanthropy's pages;
Brothers will bless you,
Sisters caress you,

Sires once besotted will load you with praises.

Banish the mother's fears,

Dry up the orphan's tears,

Lead the poor drunkard from folly's dark mazes.

Raze, raze, houses of revelry,

Dens of licentiousness, ways to the gallows,

Crush, crush death-breeding deviltry,

Drive it away from the cottage and palace;

Come, lads, be handy,

Give up your brandy,

Leave not a stone of these dens of disorder,

Down with the ruin shops,

Squander their dirty slops,

Chase rum and whiskey away from our border.

Sots, sots, give up your toddy now,

Rise from the darkness, your best rights immuring,

Join, join our tee-total body now,

Bent on their country's welfare, procuring;

In rum don't muddle,

Pray give up the fuddle,

Show yourself hostile to bottles and barrels,

Homes will be sweeter,

Wives will be neater,

Life be exempted from riot and quarrels.

On, on brave Washingtonian,
Victory crowns us, the lost are returning,
Speed, speed the glad news through the Union,
Tell them the venders of poison are mourning:
 No din of battle,
 No cannon's rattle,
Follow our footsteps as onward we're pressing,
 Our palms are the conquer'd,
 Our trophies the drunkard,
And thousands have haply shared in the blessing.

THE PRISONER'S ADDRESS TO HIS
MOTHER.[3]

I've wandered far from thee, mother,
 Far from our happy home;
I've left the land that gave me birth,
 In other lands to roam;
And Time, since then, has rolled his years,
 And marked them on my brow—
Yet still I've often thought of thee,—
 I'm thinking of thee now.

THE PRISONER'S ADDRESS TO HIS MOTHER. 37

I'm thinking of those days, mother,
When, with such earnest pride,
You watched the dawnings of my youth,
And pressed me to your side;
Then love had filled my trusting heart
With hopes of future joy,
And thy bright fancy honors wove,
To deck thy 'darling boy.'

I'm thinking on the day, mother,
I left thy watchful care,
When thy fond heart was lifted up
To heaven; thy trust was there;
And memory brings thy parting words,
When tears fell o'er thy cheek;
But thy last, loving, anxious look,
Told more than words could speak.

I'm far away from thee, mother,
No kindred near me now,
To sooth me with a tender word,
Or cool my burning brow;
The dearest ties affection wove,
Are all now torn from me;
They left me when the trouble came,
They did not love like thee.

I would not have thee know, mother,
How brightest hopes decay,—
The tempter, with his baneful cup,
Has dashed them all away;
And shame has left its venom'd sting,
To rack with anguish wild!
'Twould break thy tender heart, to know
The sorrows of thy child.

I'm lonely and forsaken now,
With inward grief oppressed;
Yet still, I would not have thee know
How sorely I'm distressed;
I know thou wouldst not chide, mother,
Thou wouldst not give me pain,
But cheer me with thy softest words,
And bid me hope again.

I know thy tender heart, mother,
Still beats as warm for me,
As when I left thee, long ago,
To cross the broad blue sea;—
And I love thee just the same, mother,
And long to hear thee speak,
And feel once more thy balmy breath
Upon my care-worn cheek.

But ah! there is a thought, mother,
 Pervades my beating breast,—
 That thy freed spirit may have flown
 To its eternal rest;
 And, as I wipe the tear away,
 There whispers in mine ear
 A voice, that speaks of Heaven and thee,
 And bids me seek thee there. C. M.

HOLY AMBITION.

I'm somewhat ambitious, I own,
 If not, there were cause to repine;
 I ardently pant for a crown,
 That crown, if I will, may be mine:
 On wealth my affections are placed,
 I covet what others have gain'd,
 And anxious their pleasures to taste,
 I leave not a muscle unstrain'd.

But is it with wealth that decays,
 I'd feign see my coffers overflow,
 Or garlands of popular praise,
 I seek to encircle my brow?

I would not with warriors tread,
Through rivers of warm gushing gore,
O'er heaps of the mangled and dead,
For wreaths by the conqueror wore.

O no, it's not these I desire,
I aim at a loftier prize,
To holier things I aspire,
My treasure is hid in the skies:
Eternity's splendors I seek,
A station adjoining its throne,
The joys of the humble and meek,
Whose martyrdom won them renown.

Vain fancy has never disclosed,
When lost in presumptuous flight,
Nor carnal ambition proposed
Enjoyments so lasting and bright,
Fond youth in its loveliest dreams
Ne'er pictured so lovely a land,
Or compass'd the glory which beams
Around its victorious band.

O were my ambition to sleep,
Shut out from a region so fair,
My soul would eternally weep,
And writhe in the pangs of despair:

I'll wrestle while yet there is life,
Lest this be my last setting sun,
I'll tread the arena of strife,
Nor leave it till Heaven is won.

Ten thousand celestial forms,
Who joyously closed their career,
Are urging me on through the storms,
And sweeping their harps in my ear:
I cannot, I dare not retreat,
Though demons and death whet the sword,
My Saviour their wrath shall defeat.
And I reap a victorious reward.

THE PRISONER AND HIS MOUSE.

In my dreary abode, when the day had gone by,
I was left to myself, o'er misfortunes to brood,
When thou, little stranger, poor, hungry, and shy,
First crept thro' yon crevice, in search of some
food;

I pitied thy weakness; it told me of mine,
And on whose kind will all our blessings depend;
It taught me, tho' starving, I need not repine,
And for teaching me this, I have own'd thee my
friend.

Some may call thee a poor, insignificant thing,
And deem thee unworthy one thought or regret;
But, ah, they don't know what strange sympathies
spring,
When they hide from the heart, what it cannot
forget,
For thou wert my friend, when all others beside
Turned coldly away, with fear and distrust,
Thou half seemed to love me, and learn to confide;
And came to me daily, and shared in my crust,

But where art thou now, little visiter, where?
I have looked for thee long, and would welcome
thee still,
'Tho' my portion is scant, I have something to spare,
And the little you want, I would give with good
will.

Oh where can'st thou tarry, or what hast befell,
I'm lonesome without thee, poor innocent one,
Thy presence oft brightened my solitude's cell,
But since thou hast left me, 'tis gloomy and lone.

THE PRISONER.

Far from home and all who love us,
Far from wives and children dear;
None to cheer, but all reprove us,
We a chilling burden bear.

Why did we when evil lured us,
Yield to sin? though strong its power,
Better far had right secured us,
From the wrong of that sad hour.

Let us in the life before us,
Aim to do whate'er is right;
What more surely will restore us,
Than to walk by virtue's light.

Friends and kindred then will aid us,
Hope will lend her cheering rays,
All will love, and none upbraid us,
Heav'n will send us happier days. C. M.

TO MY SISTER.

For a time I am doomed midst strangers to wander,
Far far from my home, and all who are dear,
Still fond recollection grows fonder and fonder;
My heart is with thee, I know thine is here.

Yes, yes, dearest sister, I believe thee still kind,
I know thou'rt the same, and ever wilt be,
Tho' fortune frowns darkly, it cannot unbind,
Or sever those ties that hold thee and me.

As a rock in the ocean when waves dash around it,
Defies the fierce storm and the wild angry blast,
Thy love is as firm, as unchanged I have found it,
I know it will live and endure to the last.

There's forgiveness with thee, when all others revile,
And turn from me coldly with looks of disdain,
Tho' the world may disown me, thou still hast a
smile,
Will welcome me home and will cheer me again.

Thou art in my thoughts both morn, noon, and
even',

I know though I'm absent 'tis the same still with
thee,

And when thou presentest thy offering to heaven,

I know there's a prayer intended for me.

C. M.

AN ACROSTIC.

M en—the poor despised ones of our fallen race
A re cooped within these gloomy granite towers;
S ummers and winters pass with creeping pace,
S easons have no change—Spring time hath no
flowers.

A utumn once so loved, so balmy and serene,
C omes cheerless now to these poor, sorrowing eyes.
H eavenly orbits course their glittering paths unseen,
U nseen are those bright gems whose beauty fills
the skies.

S leepless nights and joyless days here go and come;
E venings or mornings bring no cheering ray;
T here's no endearing welcome to a happy home;
T here's nought to crown the labors of the day.

S tranger,—whoe'er thou be, or whatsoe'er thou
art,

S ure thou with kindly words can pity show,
'T would bring a warmer feeling to the chilled
heart,

A nd raise a hope where all is hopeless now.

T hese poor despised ones all have hearts like
thee;—

E ach one can feel the cheering power of love.

P erchance thou might with words of sympathy

R aise their stray thoughts to better things above.

I f they have fallen in temptation's snare,

S till they have kindred claims which God has
given;

O h! lead them back with kindly words, and
spare

N o tones of love, but cheer them on to Heaven.

C. M.

THE CONDEMNED.(4)

BY C. R. S. BOYINGTON.

I LOVE the glittering scenes of life—
The world's gay revelry!
Though brief have been my youthful days,
They still are dear to me,
I love to gaze on beauty's smile,
And kiss her tears away;
I love to hear the soft-breathed words
Of thrilling poesy.

'Old nature's wildwood loveliness,'
The forest, hill, and dell,
Are all too dear, without a sigh,
To breathe a last farewell:
And still, with rapture I behold
Creation's wonders, where
Each star stands glimmering in its sphere,
Like islands of the air.

I love to pause and listen to
The murmuring of the sea,
'The sighing breeze, the wood-bird's note,
All nature's minstrelsy.

And 'mid the haunts of early days,
Doth memory fondly dwell,
And paint, with varied colors bright,
Each scene once known so well.

Methinks that now the merry laugh
Of school-mates I can hear;
Each friendly voice of memory seems
Still ringing in my ear.
E'en now I see each maiden's blush,
Each smile of artless joy,
Each feature that I gazed upon,
A happy, thoughtless boy.

And ah! how true remembrance paints
One dear-loved object there—
The bright blue eye, the lily cheek,
The rose-bud in her hair,
(Be still, my heart—remembrance soon
Will sketch less faithfully,
And death thy thrilling tumult hush
Through all eternity.)

But, oh! most sadly dear is still
My mother's parting sigh,
Her last fond kiss, her soft embrace,
The bright tear in her eye:—

And e'er till death, will on my mind
Her words prophetic dwell—

' We may not meet again, my boy;
God bless thee,—fare thee well!'

Yet, though my mind calls up the past,
To cheer the future view,
Soon must the world, the loved of life,
Receive my last adieu:
The fearful words have been pronounced,
That seal my earthly doom,
And with the Spring's first flower will fade
My form within the tomb.

Before the destined day arrives,
The anxious world shall see
One effort for my distant friends—
One for my memory.
If I succeed, then can I say,
With cheerful ecstasy,
"O death! where is thy sting! O grave!
Where is thy victory!"

Mobile City Prison, January, 1835.

MY MOTHER.(5)

Copied from a cell in the Rhode Island State Prison, where it was handsomely painted by a convict on the rough white washed granite wall.

My woes here would be light, Mother,
Were it not for thee;
My sad pathway as bright, Mother,
As though I were free.

For I know thy fond heart, Mother,
Is tossed like the sea;
While affliction's dread dart, Mother,
Is levelled at me,

Oft, oft, in my lone cell, Mother,
The tear drops for thee,
For thou deservest well, Mother,
Remembrance from me.

The world's filled with woe, Mother,
With sorrow and gloom;
And tears will oft o'erflow, Mother,
Our path to the tomb.

AN INEBRIATE'S SOLITARY THOUGHTS. 51

But why, why weep thou more, Mother,
In sorrow for me?
The clouds will pass o'er, Mother,
And bring peace to thee.

The Prison doors will ope, Mother,
To freedom and me;
And, the day star of hope, Mother,
Will dawn upon thee.

Though misfortune divide, Mother,
My sweet home and me;
Yet what'er shall betide, Mother,
I'll still think of thee,

THE OUTCAST.

December 7th, 1842.

AN INEBRIATE'S SOLITARY THOUGHTS.

‘T is greatly wise to talk with our past hours.’—[Young.

**BY A PHILADELPHIA PENITENTIARY CON-
VICT.**

* * * * *

OFt does my busy memory lead me back
Through the dark vista of departed years,

Even to those dim hours when at her breast,
A fragile babe, my mother nourish'd me,
And guarded with a tender parent's care
The wretch whose wilful course, her doting heart
Hath caus'd to bleed with grief at every pore.

How many days, and weary, wakeful nights,
When sickness brooded o'er my infant frame,
Did that fond mother watch beside my couch,
Soothing my peevish temper with her voice,
Or lulling me in love's embrace to sleep.
Ah! little thought she then, that, adder-like,
The boy she lov'd so fondly would repay
The untiring care with which she cherish'd him,
Stinging her to her very heart of hearts.
Nay, look'd she forward with a mother's hope
To after years, when the enervate babe
Upon her knee, a stalwart man should grow,
And on life's troubled ocean launch his barque.

* * * * *

And he, the guardian of my youth, whose locks
Are whiten'd with the frosts of three-score years,—
Who rear'd me nobly, placed me where the sun
Of science shed abroad its radiant light,
Bade to worship honor, and t' avoid
The snares that vice had thrown around the world,

And fitted me to shine amid the throng
Where intellectual worth is deem'd a gem,—
How have his hopes been blasted by the wretch
Who dares no longer call him father,—friend!

* * * *

Come, sweet religion! bland-eyed goddess, come!
Cheer this sad bosom with thy loveliest smiles;
Inspire me with love, with strength divine,
That with thee I may tread that narrow road
Which leads to endless joy in realms above.
Pour out upon this all-polluted heart
The purifying streams of grace, and cleanse
Its inmost recess from the filth of sin.

* * * *

Father of mercies! Thou Almighty one,
Who know'st my ev'ry thought, and word, and
deed,

Turn thou an eye of favor on the worm
That writhes in pain beneath thy fearful frown,
O, crush him not! nor cast him off for ever,
Though all too base to merit thy regard;
But, for the sake of thy dear Son, vouchsafe
To save him from the woes of lasting death,
And make him meet thy holiness to share,

Beyond the grave, that heritage of bliss
Reserved for those who do thy holy will.
Let the affliction he is suffering now,
In thy good time be to him sanctified;
And if it be thy holy will that, once again,
In freedom he shall mingle with the world,
Oh, may the sense of thy amazing love
To one so undeserving, stir him up
To live to Thee alone, and nought to know
Beyond his Saviour, and him crucified.
Grant, thou Omniscent, grant my humble prayer;
Be merciful to me, thy sadly erring child,
And to thy name be all the praise. Amen.



PART II.

DISTINGUISHED PRISONERS.

POEMS BY WM LLOYD GARRISON.(6)

FREEDOM OF THE MIND.

HIGH walls and huge the BODY may confine,
And iron grates obstruct the prisoner's gaze,
And massive bolts may baffle his design,
And vigilant keepers watch his devious ways:
Yet scorns th' immortal MIND this base control !

No chains can bind it, and no cell enclose:
Swifter than light, it flies from pole to pole,
And, in a flash, from earth to heaven it goes!
It leaps from mount to mount—from vale to vale
It wanders, plucking honeyed fruits and flowers;
It visits home, to hear the fireside tale,

Or in sweet converse pass the joyous hours.
'T is up before the sun, roaming afar,
And, in its watches, wearies every star!

PERSECUTION.

O PERSECUTION! Fearful as thou art,
With scowling brow, and aspect stern and rude,
Thy hands in blood of Innocence imbrued,
Wrung, drop by drop, from many a tortured
heart,—
Why should we dread thy gibbet, axe, or stake?
Thou dost our faith, our hope, our courage try,
And mak'st us valiant where we thought to fly:
Through thee, the crown of Victory we take.
Thy fires but purify our gold from dross;
Once undiscerned, our value now appears,
Which shall, at interest, increase with years;
So do we gain by thee, nor suffer loss:—
'T were base to sacrifice the TRUTH, to save
Our names from foul reproach—our bodies from the
grave.

TRUE COURAGE.

I BOAST no courage on the battle-field,
Where hostile troops immix in horrid fray;
For Love or Fame I can no weapon wield,
With burning lust an enemy to slay:

But test my spirit at the blazing stake,
For advocacy of the RIGHTS OF MAN,
And TRUTH—or on the wheel my body break;
Let Persecution place me 'neath its ban;
Insult, defame, proscribe my humble name:
Yea, put the dagger to my naked breast;
If I recoil in terror from the flame,
Or recreant prove when Peril rears its crest,
To save a limb, or shun the public scorn—
Then write me down for aye, Weakest of woman
born!

THE GUILTLESS PRISONER.

PRISONER! within these gloomy walls close pent—
Guiltless of horrid crime, or venial wrong—
Bear nobly up against thy punishment,
And in thy innocence be tall and strong!
Perchance thy fault was love to all mankind;
Thou didst oppose some vile, oppressive law;
Or strive all human fetters to unbind;
Or wouldst not bear the implements of war:—
What then? Dost thou so soon repent the deed?
A martyr's crown is richer than a king's!
Think it an honor with thy Lord to bleed,
And glory midst intensest sufferings!

Though beat—imprisoned—put to open shame—
Time shall embalm and magnify thy name!

TO SLEEP.

After a night's incarceration in prison.

THOU art no fawning sycophant, sweet Sleep!
That turn'st away if Fortune rudely frown,
Leaving the stricken one alone to weep,
And mourn his former opulent renown:
O, no! but here—even to this desolate place—
Thou com'st as 't were a palace trimm'd with
gold;
Its gorgeous pageants dazzling to behold:
No prison walls nor bolts can thee affright—
Where dwelleth Innocence, there thou art found!
How pleasant, how sincere wast thou last night!
What blissful dreams my morning slumber crown-
ed!
Health-giving Sleep! than mine a nobler verse
Must to the world thy matchless worth rehearse.

RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE OF MADAME
GUION.(7)

A LITTLE BIRD I AM.

A LITTLE bird I am,
Shut from the fields of air;
And in my cage I sit and sing
To Him, who placed me there;
Well pleas'd a prisoner to be,
Because, my God, it pleases Thee,

Nought have I else to do;
I sing the whole day long;
And He, whom most I love, to please,
Doth listen to my song;
He caught and bound my wandering wing,
But still he bends to hear me sing.

Thou hast an ear to hear;
A heart to love and bless;
And, though my notes were e'er so rude,
Thou wouldst not hear the less.
Because Thou knowest, as they fall,
That love, sweet love, inspires them all.

My cage confines me round;
Abroad I cannot fly;
But, though my wing is closely bound,
My heart's at liberty.
My prison walls cannot control
The flight, the freedom of the soul.

Oh, it is good to soar,
These bolts and bars above,
To Him, whose purpose I adore;
Whose providence I love;
And in Thy mighty will to find
The joy, the freedom of the mind.

PRISONS DO NOT EXCLUDE GOD.

STRONG are the walls around me,
That hold me all the day;
But they who thus have bound me,
Cannot keep God away:
My very dungeon walls are dear,
Because the God I love is here.

**They know, who thus oppress me,
 'T is hard to be alone;
 But know not, one can bless me,
 Who comes through bars and stone:
 He makes my dungeon's darkness bright,
 And fills my bosom with delight.**

**Thy love, O God! restores me:
 From sighs and tears to praise;
 And deep my soul adores Thee,
 Nor thinks of time or place:
 I ask no more, in good or ill,
 But union with thy holy will.**

**'T is that which makes my treasure,
 'T is that which brings my gain;
 Converting woe to pleasure,
 And reaping joy from pain.
 Oh, 't is enough, whate'er befall,
 To know, that God is All in All.**

GOD KNOWN BY LOVING HIM.

**'T is not the skill of human art,
 Which gives me power my God to know;
 The sacred lessons of the heart
 Come not from instruments below,**

Love is my Teacher. He can tell
The wonders that he learnt above.
No other master knows so well;—
'T is Love alone can tell of Love.

Oh! then, of God if thou wouldst learn,
His wisdom, goodness, glory see;
All human arts and knowledge spurn,
Let Love alone thy teacher be.

Love is my master. When it breaks,
The morning light, with rising ray;
To thee, O God! my spirit wakes,
And Love instructs it all the day.

And when the gleams of day retire,
And midnight spreads its dark control,
Love's secret whispers still inspire
Their holy lessons in the soul.

THOUGHTS OF GOD IN THE NIGHT.*

O NIGHT! propitious to my views,
Thy sable awning wide diffuse!

*Extracted and lightly altered from a longer poem, translated by Cowper.

Conceal alike my joy and pain,
Nor draw thy curtain back again,
Though morning, by the tears she shows,
Seems to participate my woes.

Ye stars! whose faint and feeble fires
Express my languishing desires,
Whose slender beams pervade the skies
As silent as my secret sighs,
Those emanations of a soul
That darts her fires beyond the pole;—

Your rays, that scarce assist the sight,
That pierce, but not displace the night,
That shine, indeed, but nothing show
Of all those various scenes below,
Bring no disturbance, rather prove
Incentives to a sacred love.

Thou moon! whose never-failing course
Bespeaks a providential force,
Go, tell the tidings of my flame
To Him who calls the stars by name;
Whose absence kills, whose presence cheers,
Who blots or brightens all my years.

While, in the blue abyss of space,
Thine orb performs its rapid race;
Still whisper in his listening ears
The language of my sighs and tears;

Tell him, I seek him far below,
Lost in a wilderness of woe.

Ye thought-composing, silent hours,
Diffusing peace o'er all my powers:
Friends of the pensive! who conceal,
In darkest shades, the flames I feel;
To you I trust, and safely may,
The love that wastes my strength away.

How calm, amid the night, my mind!
How perfect is the peace I find!
Oh! hush, be still, my every part,
My tongue, my pulse, my beating heart!
That love, aspiring to its cause,
May suffer not a moment's pause.

Omniscient God, whose notice deigns
To try the heart and search the reins,
Compassionate the numerous woes
I dare to thee alone disclose;
Oh! save me from the cruel hands
Of men who fear not thy commands!

Love, all subduing and divine,
Care for a creature truly thine;
Reign in a heart disposed to own
No sovereign but thyself alone;

Cherish a bride who cannot rove,
Nor quit thee for a meaner love.

THE ENTIRE SURRENDER.

PEACE has unveiled her smiling face,
And woos thy soul to her embrace;—
Enjoyed with ease, if thou refrain
From selfish love, else sought in vain;—
She dwells with all who truth prefer,
But seeks not them who seek not her.

Yield to the Lord, with simple heart,
All that thou hast, and all thou art;
Renounce all strength but strength divine;
And peace shall be for ever thine;
*Behold the path which I have trod,
My path, till I go home to God.*

GLORY TO GOD ALONE.

OH LOVED! but not enough, though dearer far
Than self and its most loved enjoyments are;

None duly loves thee, but who, nobly free
From sensual objects, finds his ALL in thee.

Glory of God! thou stranger here below,
Whom man nor knows, nor feels a wish to know
Our faith and reason are both shocked to find
Man in the post of honor, thee behind.

My soul! rest happy in thy low estate,
Nor hope nor wish to be esteemed or great:
To take the impression of a Will Divine,
Be that thy glory, and those riches thine.

Confess him righteous in his just decrees,
Love what he loves, and let his pleasures please;
DIE DAILY; from the touch of sin recede;
Then Thou hast crowned him, and he reigns in
deed.



Howard

A friend to every class! A Patriot of the World.

PLEASURES OF IMPRISONMENT :

IN TWO EPISTLES TO A FRIEND.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY. (8.)

EPISTLE I.

You ask, my friend, and well you may,
You ask me, how I spend the day ;
I'll tell you, in unstudied rhyme,
How wisely I befool my time :
Expect not wit, nor fancy then,
In this effusion of my pen ;
'These idle lines — they might be worse —
Are simple prose, in simple verse.

Each morning, then, at five o'clock,
The adamantine doors unlock ;
Bolts, bars, and portals crash and thunder ;
'The gates of iron burst asunder ;
Hinges that creak, and keys that jingle,
With clattering chains, in concert mingle :

So sweet the din, your dainty ear,
For joy, would break its drum to hear ;
While my dull organs, at the sound,
Rest in tranquility profound :
Fantastick dreams amuse my brain,
And waft my spirit home again :
Though captive, all day long, 'tis true,
At night I am as free as you ;
Not ramparts high, nor dungeons deep,
Can hold me when I 'm fast asleep !

But every thing is good in season,
I dream at large — and wake in prison.
Yet think not, sir, I lie too late,
I rise as early even as eight :
'Ten hours of drowsiness are plenty,
For any man, in four and twenty.
You smile — and yet 'tis nobly done,
I 'm but five hours behind the sun !

When dress 'd I to the yard repair,
And breakfast on the pure, fresh air :
But though this choice Castalian cheer
Keeps both the head and stomach clear,
For reasons strong enough with me,
I mend the meal with toast and tea.
Now air and fame as poets sing,
Are both the same, the self-same thing ;
Yet bards are not camelions quite,

And heavenly food is very light ;
Who ever dined or supp 'd on fame,
And went to bed upon a name ?

Breakfast dispatch 'd I sometimes read,
To clear the vapors from my head ;
For books are magick charms, I ween,
Both for the crotchets and the spleen.
When genius, wisdom, wit abound,
Where sound is sense, and sense is sound ;
When art and nature both combine,
And live, and breathe, in every line ;
The reader glows along the page
With all the author 's native rage ;
But books there are with nothing fraught,
Ten thousand words, and ne 'er a thought ;
Where periods without period crawl,
Like caterpillars on a wall,
That fall to climb, and climb to fall ;
While still their efforts only tend
To keep them from their journey 's end.
The readers yawn with pure vexation,
And nod — but not with approbation.
In such a fog of dullness lost,
Poor Patience must give up the ghost ;
Not Argus' eyes awake could keep,
Even Death might read himself to sleep !

At half past ten, or thereabout,
My eyes are all upon the scout,
To see the lounging post-boy come,
With letters or with news from home.
Believe it, on a captive's word,
Although the doctrine seem absurd,
The paper-messengers of friends
For absence almost make amends :
But if you think I jest or lie,
Come to York Castle, sir, and try.

Sometimes to fairy land I rove :
Those iron rails become a grove ;
These stately buildings fall away
To moss-grown cottages of clay ;
Debtors are changed to jolly swains,
Who pipe and whistle on the plains ;
Yon felons grim, with fetters bound,
Are satyrs wild, with garlands crown'd.
Their clanking chains are wreaths of flowers ;
• Their horrid cells ambrosial bowers :
The oaths, expiring on their tongues,
Are metamorphosed into songs ;
While wretched female prisoners, lo !
Are Dian's nymphs of virgin snow.
Those hideous walls with verdure shoot ;
These pillars bend with blushing fruit ;
That dunghill swells into a mountain,
The pump becomes a purling fountain ;

The noisome smoke of yonder mills,
The circling air with fragrance fills ;
This horse-pond spreads into a lake,
And swans of ducks and geese I make.
Sparrows are changed to turtle doves,
That bill and coo their pretty loves ;
Wagtails, turn 'd thrushes, charm the vales,
And tomtits sing like nightingales.
No more the wind through key-holes whistles,
But sighs on beds of pinks and thistles ;
The ratling rain, that beats without,
And gurgles down the leaden spout,
In light, delicious dew distils,
And melts away in amber rills ;
Elysium rises on the green,
And health and beauty crown the scene.

Then by the enchantress Fancy led,
On violet banks I lay my head ;
Legions of radiant forms arise,
In fair array, before mine eyes ;
Poetick visions gild my brain,
And melt in liquid air again !
As in a magick-lantern clear,
Fantastick images appear,
That beaming from the spectred glass,
In beautiful succession pass,
Yet steal the lustre of their light
From the deep shadow of the night :

Thus in the darkness of my head,
Ten thousand shining things are bred,
That borrow splendor from the gloom,
As glow-worms twinkle in a tomb.

But lest these glories should confound me,
Kind Dulness draws her curtain round me;
The visions vanish in a trice,
And I awake as cold as ice :
Nothing remains of all the vapor,
Save — what I send you — ink and paper.

Thus flow my morning hours along,
Smooth as the numbers of my song :
Yet let me wander as I will,
I feel I am a prisoner still.
Thus Robin, with the blushing breast,
Is ravish 'd from his little nest
By barbarous boys, who bind his leg,
To make him flutter round a peg :
See the glad captive spreads his wings,
Mounts, in a moment, mounts and sings,
When suddenly the cruel chain
Twitches him back to earth again.
— The clock strikes one — I can 't delay,
For dinner comes but once a day,
At present, worthy friend, farewell ;
But by to-morrow 's post I 'll tell,
How, during these half dozen moons,
I cheat the lazy afternoons.

EPISTLE II.

In this sweet place, where freedom reigns,
Secured by bolts and snug in chains ;
Where innocence and guilt together
Roost like two turtles of a feather ;
Where debtors safe at anchor lie,
From saucy duns and bailiffs sly ;
Where highwaymen and robbers stout,
Would, rather than break in, break out ;
Where all 's so guarded and recluse,
That none his Liberty can lose ;
Here each may, as his means afford,
Dine like a pauper or a lord,
And those who can't the cost defray,
May live to dine another day.

Now let us ramble o'er the green,
To see and hear what 's heard and seen ;
To breathe the air, enjoy the light,
And hail yon sun who shines as bright
Upon the dungeon and the gallows,
As on York Minister or Kew Palace.
And here let us the scene review :
That 's the old castle, this the new ;

Yonder the felons walk, and there
The lady-prisoners take the air ;
Behind are solitary cells,
Where hermits live like snails in shells ;
There stands the chapel for good people ;
That black balcony is the steeple ;
How gayly spins the weather-cock !
How proudly shines the crazy clock !
A clock whose wheels eccentric run,
More like my head than like the sun ;
And yet it shews us, right or wrong,
The days are only twelve hours long ;
Though captives often reckon here,
Each day a month, each month a year.
There honest William stands in state,
The Porter, at the horrid gate ;
Yet no ill-natured soul is he,
Entrance to all the world is free ;
One thing indeed is rather hard,
Egress is frequently debarr'd ;
Of all the joys within that reign,
There's none like — getting out again !
Across the green, behold the court,
Where jargon reigns and wigs resort ;
Where bloody tongues fight bloodless battles,
For life and death, for straws and rattles ;
Where juries yawn their patience out,
And judges dream in spite of gout.

There, on the outside of the door,
(As sang a wicked wag of yore,)
Stands Mother Justice, tall and thin,
Who never yet hath ventured in.
The cause, my friend, may soon be shown,
The lady was a stepping stone,
Till — though the metamorphose odd is —
A chisel made the block a goddess :
— “ Odd ! ” did I say ; — I ’m wrong this time ;
But I was hamper’d for a rhyme :
Justice at — I could tell you where —
Is just the same as justice there.

But, lo ! my frisking dog attends,
The kindest of four-footed friends ;
Brim-full of giddiness and mirth,
He is the prettiest fool on earth.
The rogue is twice a squirrel’s size,
With short snub nose and big black eyes ;
A cloud of brown adorns his tail,
That curls and serves him for a sail
The same deep auburn dyes his ears,
That never were abridged by shears :
While white around, as Lapland snows,
His hair, in soft profusion, flows ;
Waves on his breast and plumes his feet,
With glossy fringe, like feathers fleet.
A thousand antick tricks he plays,

And looks at once a thousand ways ;
His wit, if he has any, lies
Somewhere between his tail and eyes ;
Sooner the light those eyes will fail,
Than *Billy* cease to wag his tail.

And yet the fellow ne'er is safe
From the tremendous beak of Ralph ;
A raven grim, in black and blue,
As arch a knave as e'er you knew ;
Who hops about with broken pinions,
Ank thinks these walls his own dominions !
This wag a mortal foe to Bill is,
They fight like Hector and Achilles ;
Bold Billy runs with all his might,
And conquers, Parthian-like in flight ;
While Ralph his own importance feels,
And wages endless war with heels :
Horses and dogs, and geese and deer,
He slily pinches in the rear ;
They start surprised with sudden pain,
While honest Ralph sheers off again.

A melancholy stag appears,
With rueful look and flagging ears ;
A feeble, lean, consumptive elf,
The very picture of myself !
My ghost-like form and new-moon phiz,
Are just the counterparts of his :

Blasted like me by fortune's frown ;
Like me **TWICE** hunted, **TWICE** run down !
Like me pursued, almost to death,
He's come to goal to save his breath !
Still, on his painful limbs, are seen
The scars where worrying dogs have been !
Still, on his woe imprinted face,
I weep a broken heart to trace.
Daily the mournful wretch I feed,
With crumbs of comfort and of bread ;
But man, false man ! so well he knows,
He deems the species all his foes :
In vain I smile to sooth his fear,
He will not, dare not come too near ;
He lingers — looks — and fain he would —
Then strains his neck to reach the food.
Oft as his plaintive looks I see,
A brother's bowels yearn in me.
What rocks and tempests yet await
Both him and me, we leave to fate :
We know, by past experience taught,
That innocence availeth nought :
I feel, and 't is my proudest boast,
That conscience is itself an host ;
While this inspires my swelling breast,
Let all forsake me — I 'm at rest ;
Ten thousand deaths, in every nerve,
I 'd rather **SUFFER** than **DESERVE**.

•

But yonder comes the victim's wife,
A dabbled doe, all fire and life :
She trips along with gallant pace,
Her limbs alert, her motion grace ;
Soft as the moon-light faries bound,
Her footsteps scarcely kiss the ground ;
Gently she lifts her fair brown head,
And licks my hand, and begs for bread :
I pat her forehead, stroke her neck,
She starts and gives a timid squeak ;
Then, while her eye with brilliance burns,
The fawning animal returns ;
Pricks her bob-tail, and waves her ears,
And happier than a queen appears :
— Poor Beast ! from fell ambition free,
And all the woes of LIBERTY ;
Born in a goal, a prisoner bred,
No dreams of hunting rack thine head ;
Ah ! mayst thou never pass these bounds,
To see the world — and feel the hounds ! —
Still all her beauty, all her art,
Have fail'd to win her husband's heart ;
Her lambent eyes, and lovely chest ;
Her swan-white neck, and ermine breast ;
Her taper legs, and spotty hide,
So softly delicately pied,
In vain their fond allurements spread, —
To love and joy her Spouse is dead.

But lo ! the evening shadows fall
Broader and browner from the wall ;
A warning voice, like curfew bell,
Commands each captive to his cell ;
My faithful dog and I retire,
To play and chatter by the fire :
Soon comes a turnkey with " Good night, sir ! "
And bolts the door with all his might, sir :
Then leisurely to bed I creep,
And sometimes wake — and sometimes sleep.
'These are the joys that reign in prison,
And if I 'm happy 't is with reason ;
Yet still this prospect o'er the rest
Makes every blessing doubly blest ;
That soon these pleasures will be vanish'd,
And I, from all these comforts, banish'd !

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

BY JOHN BUNYAN. (8.)

Extracts from the Preface.

* * * * *

WELL, when I had thus put mine ends together,
I show'd them others, that I might see whether
They would condemn them, or them justify :
And some said, Let them live ; some, Let them
die ;

Some said, John, print it ; others said, Not so ;
Some said, It might do good ; others said, No.

Now was I in a strait, and did not see
Which was the best thing to be done by me ;
At last I thought, Since ye are thus divided,
I print it will, and so the case decided.

* * * * *

Dark clouds bring waters, when the bright
bring none ;

Yea, dark or bright, if they their silver drops
Cause to descend, the earth, by yielding crops,
Gives praise to both, and carpeth not at either,
But treasures up the fruit they yield together ;
Yea, so commixes both, that in their fruit

None can distinguish this from that ; they suit
Her well when hungry ; but if she be full,
She spews out both, and makes their blessing null.

* * * * *

This book it chalketh out before thine eyes
The man that seeks the everlasting prize :
It shows you whence he comes, whither he goes,
What he leaves undone ; also what he does :
It also shows you how he runs and runs,
Till he unto the gate of glory comes.
It shows, too, who set out for life amain,
As if the lasting crown they would obtain ;
Here also you may see the reason why
They lose their labor, and like fools do die.



FAITH.

The trials that those men do meet withall,
That are obedient to the heavenly call,
Are manifold, and suited to the flesh,
And come, and come, and come again afresh ;
That now, or sometime else, we by them may
Be taken, overcome, and cast away.
O let the pilgrims, let the pilgrims then,
Be vigilant, and quit themselves like them.

PRAYER OF MERCY.

Let the Most Blessed be my guide,
If it be his blessed will,
Unto his gate, into his fold,
Up to his holy hill.

And let Him never suffer me
To swerve, or turn aside
From his free grace and holy ways,
Whate'er shall me betide.

And let Him gather them of mine
That I have left behind;
Lord, make them pray they may be thine,
With all their heart and mind.

THE INTERPRETER.

This place hath been our second stage :
Here we have heard and seen
Those good things, that from age to age
To others hid have been.

The dunghill-raker, spider, hen,
The chicken, too, to me
Have taught a lesson ; let me then
Conformed to it be.

The butcher, garden, and the field,
The robin and his bait,
Also the rotten tree, doth yield
Me argument of weight.

To move me for to watch and pray,
To strive to be sincere ;
To take my cross up, day by day,
And serve the Lord with fear.

SHEPHERD BOY'S SONG, IN THE VALLEY OF
HUMILIATION.

He that is down, needs fear no fall ;
He that is low, no pride ;
He that is humble, ever shall
Have God to be his guide.

I am content with what I have,
Little be it or much ;
And, Lord, contentment still I crave,
Because thou savest such.

Fulness to such a burden is,
That go on pilgrimage ;
Here little, and hereafter bliss,
Is best from age to age.

THOUGHTS IN PRISON. (9.)

BY WM. DODD, LL. D.

THE IMPRISONMENT.

My friends are gone ! Harsh on its sullen hinge
Grates the dread door ; the massy bolts respond
Tremendous to the surly keeper's touch.

The dire keys clang, with movement dull and
slow,

While their behest the ponderous locks perform ;
And fastened firm, the object of their care
Is left to solitude — to sorrow left.

But wherefore fastened ? Oh, still stronger
bonds

Than bolts, or locks, or doors of molten brass,
To solitude and sorrow would consign
His anguish'd soul, and prison him, though free !
For, whither should he fly, or where produce,
In open day, and to the golden sun,
His hapless head ? whence every laurel torn,
On his bald brow sits grinning Infamy ;
And all in sportive triumph twines around
The keen, the stinging adders of disgrace !

Yet what's disgrace with man ? or all the
stings

Of pointed scorn ? What the tumultuous voice
Of erring multitudes ? Or what the shafts
Of keenest malice, levell'd from the bow
Of human inquisition ? if the God
Who knows the heart, looks with complacence
down

Upon the struggling victim, and beholds
Repentance bursting from the earth-bent eye,
And faith's red cross held closely to the breast ?

Oh, Author of my being ! of my bliss
Beneficent dispenser ; wondrous power,
Whose eye, all-searching, through this dreary
gloom

Discerns the deepest secrets of the soul,
Assist me ! With thy ray of light divine
Illumine my dark thoughts ; upraise my low ;
And give me wisdom's guidance, while I strive
Impartially to state the dread account,
And call myself to trial !

PUBLIC PUNISHMENT.

Far worse than death
That prison's entrance, whose idea chills
With freezing horror all my curdling blood ;
Whose very name, stamping with infamy,
Makes my soul frightened start, in fancy whirl'd,

And verging near to madness ! See, they ope
Their iron jaws ! See the vast gates expand,
Gate after gate—and in an instant twang,
Closed by their growling keepers ; when again,
Mysterious powers ! – O, when to ope on me ?
Mercy, sweet Heaven, support my faltering steps !
Support my sickening heart ! My full eyes swim,
O'er all my frame distils a cold, damp sweat !
Hark—what a rattling din ; on every side
The congregated chains clank frightful ; throngs
Tumultuous press around, to view, to gaze
Upon the wretched stranger ; scarce believed
Other than visitor within such walls,
With mercy and with freedom in his hands.
Alas, how changed ! Sons of confinement, see
No pitying deliverer, but a wretch
O'erwhelm'd with misery, more hapless far
Than the most hapless 'mongst ye ; loaded hard
With guilt's oppressive irons ! His are chains
No time can loosen and no hand unbind :
Fetters which gore the soul. O, horror, horror
Ye massive bolts give way : ye sullen doors,
Ah, open quick, and from this clamorous rout,
Close in my dismal, lone, allotted room
Shroud me ;—for ever shroud from human sight,
And make it, if 'tis possible, my grave !

**THE WIFE'S VISIT TO HER CONDEMNED
HUSBAND.**

But, that shriek—
Thrilling with dread—whence is it? 'Tis the
voice

Of female misery, bursting through the crowd
To the lone dungeon; view that lovely form,*
Deck'd in the neatest white,—yet not so white
And wan as her wild visage: 'Keep me not,'
Raving, she cries, 'keep me not, cruel, from him—
He dies this morn; I know it; he's condemn'd;
The dreadful judge has done it! He must die,
My husband! and I'm come, clad in my best,
To go and suffer with him! I have brought
Sweet flowers to cheer him and to strew his corse.
Pale, pale and speechless lies it! — Husband,
come!

The little infant, fruit of our glad loves,
Smiled on me, as with parting breath I bless'd
And kissed the dear babe for thee! 'Tis but
young;
'Tis tender yet;—seven days is young in life;

* This alludes to a miserable catastrophe, which happened here on the morning of a late execution. The poor young woman who came to visit her husband had lain-in but seven days. As soon as the husband's fetters were knocked off, he stepped aside, and cut his throat in a dismal manner, but not quite sufficiently to finish his existence; and, in that shocking state, paid his debt at the destined price.

Angels will guard my little innocent :
They 'll feed it, though thou couldst not find it
food ;

And its poor mother too ! And so thou diest !
For me and it thou diest ! But not alone ;
Thou shalt not go alone ; I will die with thee ;
Sweet mercy be upon us ! Hence, hence, hence !'
Impetuous then her white arms round his neck
She threw, and with deep groans would pierce a
rock,

Sunk fainting. O, the husband's, father's pangs
Stopping all utterance ! Up to Heaven he roll'd
His frantic eyes ; and staring wildly round
In desperation's madness, to his heart
Drove the destructive steel !

ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

" God of the world, at length thy rule I own,
And prostrate fall before thy boundless throne ;
The power resistless, trembling I confess ;
In threatenings awful, but in love no less !

Oh, what a blessing has that love assign'd,
By penitence to heal the wounded mind !
By penitence to sinners, who, like me,
More than the unnumber'd sands that shore the
sea ;

My crimes acknowledge ; which, of crimson dye,
In all their scarlet horrors meet my eye !

Oh, eye unworthy of the light of Heaven ;
Oh, sins too mountainous to be forgiven ;
Oh, rebel to the law and love divine,
How justly God's severest vengeance thine !
But oh, I bend my heart's obedient knee,
In supplication, Lord, for grace from Thee !
Yes, I have sinn'd, and I confess the whole —
Forgive me, then, nor cast away my soul !
Save me from evil — from thine anger save,
And snatch me from the dark, untimely grave !

Friend of the contrite, Thou wilt pardon give :
A monument of mercy I shall live !
And worthless as I am, for ever prove,
That true repentance leads to saving love !
That true repentance tunes to praise the heart,
And in the choir of Heaven shall bear an ample
part ! " *

Thus, by affliction's deep correction taught,
Manasseh to the Lord for mercy sought :
By the kind chastening of a Father's rod,
Brought to the knowledge of himself and God :
Happy affliction, for such knowledge given ;
And bless'd the dungeon which led thus to
Heaven !

. See Prayer of Manasseh, in the Apocrapha, next to the first book of Maccabees ; and compare 2 Chron. xxxiii. 21, &c

TO MY FRIENDS,

*Especially of the Charitable Societies, on their
Solicitude.*

Ah, my loved friends ! why all this care for one
To life so lost, so totally undone,
Whose meat and drink are only bitter tears,
Nights pass'd in sorrow, mornings waked to
cares ;

Whose deep offence sits heavy on his soul,
And thoughts self-torturing in deep tumult roll !

Could you, by all your labors so humane,
From this dread prison his deliverance gain ;
Could you, by kind exertions of your love,
To generous pardon royal mercy move,
Where should he fly ! where hide his wretched
head,

With shame so covered, so to honor dead !

Spare then the task, and, as he longs to die,
Set free the captive,— let his spirit fly,
Enlarged and happy; to his native sky !
Not doubting mercy from his grace to find,
Who bled upon the cross for all mankind.

But if it must not be — if Heaven's high will
Ordains him yet a duty to fulfil,
Oh, may each breath, while God that breath shall
spare,

Be yours in gratitude, be Heaven's in prayer !

Deep as his sin, and low as his offence,
High be his rise through humblest penitence !
While, life or death, mankind at least shall
learn

From his sad story and your kind concern,
That works of mercy, and a zeal to prove
By sympathetic aid the heart of love,
On earth itself a sure reward obtain
Nor e'er fall pity's kindling drops in vain !
I live a proof' and dying, round my urn
Affliction's family will crowd and mourn.
'Here rests our friend,' if, weeping o'er my
grave,
They cry — 't is all the epitaph I crave.



THE FAREWELL.(10.)**BY SIR WALTER RALEIGH.***Written the night before his Execution.*

Go, soul, the Body's guest,
Upon a thankless errand ;
Fear not to touch the best ;
'The truth shall be thy warrant.
Go, since I needs must die,
And give them all the lie.

Go, tell the Court it glows,
And shines like painted wood ;
Go, tell the Church it shows
What 's good, but does no good.
If Court and Church reply,
Give Court and Church the lie.

Tell Potentates, they live
Acting, but Oh ! their actions
Not lov'd, unless they give ;
Nor strong, but by their factions.
If Potentates reply,
Give Potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition,
That rule affairs of state,
Their purpose is ambition ;
Their practice only hate.
And if they do reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell those that brave it most,
They beg for more by spending,
Who in their greatest cost
Seek nothing but commending.
And if they make reply,
Spare not to give the lie.

Tell Zeal it lacks devotion ;
Tell Love it is but lust ;
Tell Time it is but motion ;
Tell Flesh it is but dust :
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lie.

Tell Age it daily wasteth,
Tell Honour how it alters ;
Tell Beauty that it blasteth ;
Tell Favor that she falters :
And as they do reply,
Give every one the lie.

Tell Wit how much it wrangles
In fickle points of niceness ;
Tell Wisdom she entangles

Herself in over-wiseness :
And if they do reply,
Then give them both the lie.

Tell Physic of her boldness ;
Tell Skill it is pretension ;
Tell Charity of coldness ;
Tell how it is contention :
And if they yield reply,
Then give them still the lie.

Tell Fortune of her blindness ;
Tell Nature of decay ;
Tell Friendship of unkindness ;
Tell Justice of delay :
And if they do reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell Arts they have no soundness,
But vary by esteeming ;
Tell Schools they lack profoundness,
And stand too much on seeming.
If Arts and Schools reply,
Give Arts and Schools the lie.

Tell Faith it's fled the city ;
Tell how the Country erreth ;
Tell Manhood, shakes off pity ;
Tell Virtue, least preferreth.

And if they do reply,
Spare not to give the lie.

So, when thou hast, as I
Commanded thee, done blabbing ;
Although to give the lie
Deserves no less than stabbing ;
Yet stab at thee who will,
No stab the soul can kill !

The night before his Death.

Even such is time, that takes on trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with age and dust ;
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days !
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God shall raise me up, I trust !

On the snuff of a Candle.

Cowards fear to die ; but Courage stout
Rather than live in snuff, will be put out.

SELLECK OSBORN,

A native of Connecticut. He conducted a newspaper in Litchfield, Connecticut, about 1806 or 1808, and was imprisoned in that place for a publication, which, under the influence of party excitement, was declared to be libellous.

THE RUINS.

I 've seen in twilight's pensive hour,
The moss-clad dome, the mouldering tower,
In awful ruin stand ;
That dome, where grateful voices sung
That town, whose chiming music rung
Majestically grand !

I 've seen, 'mid sculptured pride, the tomb
Where heroes slept, in silent gloom,
Unconscious of their fame ;
Those who, with laurel 'd honors crown 'd,
Among their foes spread terror round,
And gained — an empty name !

I 've seen, in death's dark palace laid,
The ruins of a beauteous maid,
Cadaverous and pale !
That maiden, who, while life remained,
O'er rival charms in triumph reign 'd
The mistress of the vale.

I've seen where dungeon damp's abide,
A youth, admired in manhood's pride,
In morbid fancy rave :

He, who in reason's happier day,
Was virtuous, witty, nobly gay,
Learn 'd, generous and brave.

Nor dome, nor tower, in twilight shade,
Nor hero fallen, nor beauteous maid,
To ruin all consign 'd —
Can with such pathos touch my breast
As (on the maniac's form impress 'd)
The ruins of the mind !

WILLIAM RAY.

WILLIAM RAY, the author of several pleasing pieces, one of which stands in Ballou's and Streeter's collection of hymns, commencing thus — "Thou art Almighty Lord of all," was in 1803, captured by the Turks, on board of the U. S. frigate Philadelphia, and taken to Tripoli, and kept much of the time in a loathsome prison. While in prison, he wrote the following:

TRIPOLI.

Ye lurid domes ! whose tottering columns stand,
Marks of the despot's desolating hand :

Whose weed-grown roofs and mouldering arches
show

The curse of tyranny, a nation's wo ;

In every ruin — every pile I find

A warning lesson to a thoughtful mind.

Your gloomy cells expressive silence break,

Echo to groans, and eloquently speak ;

“ The Christian's blood cements the stones he
rears ;

This clay was moistn'd with a Christian's
tears ;

Pale as these walls, a prisoner oft has lain,

Felt the keen scourge and worn the ruthless
chain ;

While scoffing foes increasing tortures pour,

Till the poor victim feels, ‘ alas ! no more ! ’ ”

Here thy brave tars, America, are found

Lock'd in foul prisons and in fetters bound.

Heavens ! what sad times ! must free Columbi-
an's bow

Before you tinsel tyrant's murky musky brow ?

Cringe to a power which death and rapine crown ?

Smile at a smile, and tremble at a frown ?

Kneel at a throne, its clemency implore,

Enrich 'd by spoils, and stain 'd with human gore ?

Bear the sharp lash, the ponderous load sustain,

Suppress their anger, and revenge restrain ?

Leave a free clime, explore the treacherous
waves,

The sport of miscreants and the slave of slaves ?
Heavens ! at the sight each patriot bosom glows
With virtuous hatred on its country's foes ;
At every blow indignant passions rise,
And vengeance flashes from resentful eyes.
But heaven is just, though man's bewildered
mind

To the dark ways of Providence is blind ;
Else why are some ordained above the rest,
Or villians treated better than the best ?
Why, martyr 'd virtue, hang thy injured head ?
Why lived an Arnold, while a Warren bled ?
Earth's murderers triumph, proud oppressors
reign,

While patriots bleed, and captives sigh in vain ?
Yet slumbering justice soon shall wake and show
Her sword, unsheath 'd, and vengeance wing the
blow :

Columbia's genius, glorious as the sun,
With thy blest shade, immortal Washington !
Unite to guard us from nefarious foes,
And heaven defend, and angels interpose.
Devoted tyrants cause just wrath to feel,
Make Beys and Bashaws in submission kneel ;
Man's equal right, sweet liberty, restore,
And despotism crush, to rise no more.

PRAYER.

From the Spanish of Placido.

BY MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN.(7)

BEING of infinite goodness! God Almighty!

I hasten in mine agony to Thee !

Rending the hateful veil of calumny,

Stretch forth thine arm omnipotent in pity;

Efface this ignominy from my brow

Wherewith the world is fain to brand it now;

Oh King of Kings! thou God of my forefathers !

My God! thou only my defence shall be,

Who gav'st her riches to the shadowed sea;

From whom the North her frosty treasure gathers,—

Of heavenly light and solar flame the giver,

Life to the leaves, and motion to the river.

Thou canst do all things, what thy will doth cherish,

Revives to being at thy sacred voice.

Without Thee all is nought, and at thy choice

In fathomless eternity must perish.

Yet e'en that nothingness thy will obeyed,

When of its void humanity was made.

Merciful God! I can deceive Thee never,
 Since as through ether's bright transparency,
 Eternal wisdom still my soul can see
 Through every earthly lineament forever,
 Forbid it, then, that Innocence should stand,
 Humbled, while Slander clasps her impious hand.

But if the lot thy sovereign power shall measure
 Must be to perish as a wretch accursed,
 And men shall trample over my cold dust,—
 The corse outraging with malignant pleasure,
 Speak and recal my being at thy nod !
 Accomplish in me all thy will, my God!

A HYMN TO THE PILLORY.(11)

BY DANIEL DE FOE.

HAIL Hieroglyphic state machine,
 Contrived to punish fancy in;
 Men that are men in thee can feel no pain,
 And all thy insignificant disdain.
 Contempt, that false new word for shame,
 Is, without crime, an empty name;
 A shadow to amuse mankind,
 But never frights the wise or well-fixed mind.

Virtue despises human scorn,
And scandals innocence adorn.
Even the learned Selden saw,
A prospect of thee through the law.
He had thy lofty pinnacles in view,
But so much honor never was thy due:
Had the great Selden triumph'd on thy stage,
Selden, the honor of his age;
No man would ever shun thee more,
Or grudge to stand where Selden stood before.
Thou bug-bear of the law, stand up and speak
Thy long mis-construed silence break,
Tell us who 'tis upon thy ridge stands there,
So full of fault and yet so void of fear;
And from the paper in his hat,
Let all mankind be told for what.
Tell them it was because he was too bold,
And told those truths, which should not ha' been
told,
Extol the justice of the land,
Who punish what they will not understand.
Tell them he stands exalted there,
For speaking what we would not hear;
And yet he might have been secure,
Had he said less, or would he ha' said more.
Tell them that this is his reward,
And worse is yet for him prepared,

Because his foolish virtue was so nice
 As not to sell his friends, according to his friends
 advice.

And thus his an example made,
 To make men of their honesty afraid,
 That for the time to come they may
 More willingly their friends betray;
 Tell them the men that placed him here
 Are scandals to the times,
 Are at a loss to find his guilt,
 And can't commit his crimes.

* * * * *

What are thy terrors, that for fear of Thee,
 Mankind can dare to sink their honesty?
 He is bold to impudence that dare turn knave,
 The scandal of thy company to save;—
 He that will crimes he never knew confess,
 Does more than if he knew those crimes, trans-
 gress,

And he that fears Thee more than to be base,
 May want a heart, but does not want a face.

* * * * *

I beckon to mankind to have a care,
 And pointing, tell how I was lost, and where,
 I show the dangerous shore
 Where I have suffered shipwreck long before.

If among poets there remain a fool,
That scorns to take this notice for a rule,
But ventures the fidelity
Of those whose trade and custom 'tis to lie;
Let men to him no pity show,
Let him to Bedlam, not to Newgate go.

THE KNAVERY OF PROJECTORS.

SOME in clandestine companies combine,
Erect new stocks to trade beyond the line;
With air and empty names beguileth towns,
And raise new credits first, then cry 'em down;
Divide the empty nothings into shares,
To set the town together by the ears.

THE TRAFFIC IN HUMAN BEINGS.

THE harmless natives basely they trepan,
And barter baubles for the souls of men;
The wretches they to christian climes bring o'er,
To serve worse heathens than they did before,

CONTRAST OF THE SLAVE OWNERS WITH
THE SPANIARDS WHO BUTCHERED THE
MEXICANS.

BLOOD quenched their thirst, and it sufficed to kill,
But these the tender *coup de grace* deny,
And make men beg in vain for leave to die;
To more than Spanish cruelty inclin'd,
Torment the body and debauch the mind;
The ling'ring life of slavery preserve,
And vilely teach them both to sin and serve.

MAJOR ANDRE.

SONNET.

Return, enraptured hours,
When Delia's heart was mine;
When she, with wreaths of flowers,
My temples did entwine!
No jealousy nor care
Corroded in my breast,
And visions light as air,
Presided o'er my rest.

Since I'm remov'd from state,
And bid adieu to time
As my unhappy fate
Let Delia not repine,
But may the mighty Jove
Her crown with happiness!
This grant, ye powers above,
And take my soul to bliss.
Now, nightly round my head
No airy visions play;
Nor flow'rets deck my head
Each vernal holiday:
But far from these sad plains
The lovely Delia flies,
While racked with jealous pains
Her wretched Andre dies.



ANDRE.

*Emile of a Drawing made by himself, with a pen, the day
before his execution. The Original is in the
Trumbull Gallery at Yale College.*

PART III.

ROYAL PRISONERS.

JAMES I., (13.)

[A Prisoner in Windsor, first sees Lady Jane Beaufort, who afterwards was his Queen.]

BEWAILING in my chamber, thus alone,
 Despaired of all joy and remedy,
 For-tired of my thought, and woe-begone,
 And to the window gan I walk in hy*
 To see the world and folk that went forbye,†
 As, for the time, though I of mirthis food
 Might have no more. to look it did me good.

Now was there made, fast by the towris wall,
 A garden fair; and in the corners set
 Ane arbour green, with wandis long and small
 Railed about, and so with trees set
 Was all the place, and hawthorn hedges knet,
 That lyf was none walking there forbye,
 That might within scarce any wight espy

So thick the boughs and the leavis green
 Beshaded all the alleys that there were,

* Haste.

† Past.

And mids of every arbour might be seen
 The sharpe greene sweete juniper,
 Growing so fair with branches here and there,
 That as it seemed to a lyf without,
 The Boughis spread the arbour all about.

And on the smalle greene twistis* sat,
 The little sweete nightingale, and sung
 So loud and clear, the hymnis consecrat
 Of lovis use, now soft, now loud among,
 That all the gardens and the wallis rung
 Right of their song. * *

———— Cast I down mine eyes again,
 Where as I saw, walking under the tower,
 Full secretly, new comen here to plain,
 The fairist or the freshest younge flower
 That ever I saw, methought, before that hour,
 For which sudden abate, anon astart,†
 The blood of all my body to my heart.

And though I stood abasit tho a lite,‡
 No wonder was; for why? my wittis all
 Were so overcome with pleasance and delight,
 Only through letting of my eyen fall,
 That suddenly my heart became her thrall,

* Twigs.

† Went and came.

‡ Confounded for a little while.

For ever of free will,—for of menace ,
There was no token in her sweete face.

And in my head I drew right hastily,
And eftesoons I leant it out again,
And saw her walk that very womanly,
With no wight mo,' but only women twain,
Then gan I study in myself, and sayn,*
'Ah, sweet! are ye a worldly creature,
Or heavenly thing in likeness of nature!

Or are ye god Cupidis own princess,
And comin are to loose me out of band?
Or are ye very Nature the goddess,
That have depainted with their heavenly hand,
This garden full of ffowers as they stand?
What shall I think, alas! what reverence
Shall I mister† unto your excellence?

If ye a goddess be, and that ye like
To do me pain, I may it not astart:‡
If ye be wardly wight, that doth me sike,§
Why list|| God make you so, my dearest heart,
To do a seely¶ prisoner this smart,

* Say. † Minister. ‡ Fly. § Makes me sigh.

|| Pleased. ¶ Wretched.

That loves you all, and wot of nought but wo?
And therefore mercy, sweet! sin' it is so.'

Of her array the form if I shall write,
Towards her golden hair and rich attire,
In fretwise couchit* with pearlis white
And great balast† leaning‡ as the fire,
With mony ane emeraut and fair sapphire;
And on her head a chaplet fresh of hue,
Of plumis parted red, and white, and blue.

Full of quaking spongis bright as gold,
Ferged of shape like to the amoretis,
So new, so fresh, so pleasant to behold,
The plumis eke like to the flower jonets,§
And other of shape, like to the flower jonets;
And above all this, there was, well I wot,
Beauty enough to make a world to doat.

About her neck, white as the fire amail,§
A goodly chain of small orfevory,¶
Whereby there hung a ruby, without fail,
Like to ane heart shapen verily,
That as a spark of low,** so wantonly

* Inlaid like fretwork. † A kind of psecious stone.

‡ Glittering. § A kind of lily. It is conjectured that the royal poet may here allude covertly to the name of his mistress, which, in the diminutive, was Janet or Jonet. [Thomson's Edition of King's Quhair. Ayr, 1824.

¶ Enamel.

¶ Gold work.

** Flame.

Seemed burning upon her white throat,
Now if there was good party,* God it wot.

And for to walk that fresh May's morrow,
That goodlier had not been seen to-forow,†
As I suppose; and girt she was alite,‡
Thus halflings loose for haste, to such delight
It was to see her youth in goodlihede,
That for rudeness to speak thereof I dread.

In her was youth, beauty, with humble aprot,
Bounty, riches, and womanly feature,
God better wot than my pen can report:
Wisdom, largess, estate, and cunning§ sure,
In every point so guided her measure,
In word, in deed, in shape, in countenance,
That nature might no more her child avance!

*

*

*

And when she walked had a little thraw
Under the sweete greene boughis bent,
Her fair fresh face, as white as any snaw,
She turned has, and furth her wayis went;
But tho began mine aches and torment,
To see her part and follow I na might;
Methought the day was turned into night.

* Before.

† Slightly..

‡ Knowledge.

§ Match.

RICHARD THE FIRST.*Translation of King Richard's Song.*

If captive wight attempt the tuneful strain,
His voice, belike, full dolefully will sound;
Yet, to the sad, 'tis comfort to complain.

Friends have I store, and promises abound;
Shame on the niggards! since, these winters
twain,
Unransomed, still I bear a tyrant's chain.

Full well they know, my lords and nobles all,
Of England, Normandy, Guienne, Poictou,
Ne'er did I slight my poorest vassal's call,
But all, whom wealth could buy, from chains
withdrew.

Not in reproach I speak, nor idly vain,
But I alone, unpitied, bear the chain.

* * * * *

Know, then, the youths of Anjou and Touraine,
Those lusty bachelors, those airy lords,
That these vile walls their captive king restrain!
Sure, they in aid will draw their loyal swords!
Alas! nor faith, nor valor, now remain;
Sighs are but wind, and I must bear my chain.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTLAND.

*Written during her confinement in Fotheringay
Castle.*

ALAS what am I? and in what estate?

A wretched corse, bereaved of its heart;
An empty shadow, lost, unfortunate,
To die is now in life my only part.

Fees to my greatness! let your envy rest;

In me no taste for grandeur now is found;
Consumed by grief, with heavy ills oppress'd,

Your wishes and desires will soon be crowa'd,
And you my friends who still have held me dear,

Bethink you, that when health and heart are fled,
And ev'ry hope of future good is dead,

'Tis time to wish our sorrows ended here;
And that this punishment on earth given,
That my pure soul may rise to endless bliss in
Heaven.

Q. ELIZABETH'S VERSES, WHILE PRISONER AT WOODSTOCK.

WRIT WITH CHARCOAL ON A SHUTTER.

—Are preserved by Hentzner, in that part of his Travels, which has been reprinted in so elegant a manner at STRAWBERRY-HILL. In Hentzner's book they were wretchedly corrupted, but are here given as amended by his ingenious Editor. The old orthography, and one or two ancient readings of Hentzner's copy are here restored.

OH, Fortune ! how thy restlesse wavering state
 Hath fraught with cares my troubled witt !
 Witness this present prisonn, whither fate
 Could beare me, and the joys I quit.
 Thou causedest the guiltie to be losed
 From bandes, wherein are innocents inclosed:
 Causing the guiltles to be strait reserved,
 And freeing those that death had well deserved.
 But by her envie can be nothing wroughte,
 So God send to my foes all they have thoughte.
 A. D. MDLV. ELIZABETH, PRISONER.

VERSES BY K. CHARLES I.

GREAT monarch of the world, from whose power
springs

The potency and power of kings,
Record the royal woe my suffering sings;

And teach my tongue, that ever did confine
Its faculties in truth's seraphick line,
To track the treasons of thy foes and mine.

* * * *

They raise a war, and christen it **THE CAUSE**,
While sacrilegious hands have best applause,
Plunder and murder are the kingdom's laws;

Tyranny bears the title of taxation,
Revenge and robbery are reformation,
Oppression gains the name of sequestration:

But, sacred Saviour, with thy words I woo
Thee to forgive, and not be bitter to
Such, as thou know'st do not know what they do.

* * * *

Augment my patience, nullifie my hate,
Preserve my issue, and inspire my mate,
Yet, though we perish, **BLESS THIS CHURCH AND
STATE.**

RICHARD THE SECOND,

*The morning before his murder in Pomfret
Castle.*

Whether the soul receives intelligence
By her near Genius, of the body's end,
And so imparts a sadness to the sense,
Foregoing ruin, whereto it doth tend;
Or whether nature else hath conference
With profound sleep, and so doth warning send
By prophetizing dreams, what hurt is near,
And gives the heavy careful heart to fear.

LADY JANE GREY.

**LINES IN LATIN, INSCRIBED WITH A PIN UPON
HER PRISON WALL.**

Think not, O mortal, vainly gay,
That thou from human woes art free ;
The bitter cup I drink to-day,
To-morrow may be drank by thee.

NOTES.

Note (1.) *The Blind Girl.*

We have frequently read these lines in places where we have lectured, and they have invariably been listened to, with the deepest interest. Some excellent judges of poetry have pronounced them equal in beauty of expression and devotional feeling, to the Prisoner's Address to his Mother.

Note (2.) *To my Sister on her Birthday.*

'Mixed with the scum of every isle.'

The prisoner speaks too harshly of his companions in crime. We have not found convicts generally of so depraved a character. Howard in allusion to the general conduct of prisoners, presents this striking fact: 'I have never received an insult from either jailor or prisoner, or lost an article, except a pocket-handkerchief, which was afterwards returned to me by a prisoner, who had picked it up, when it dropped from my pocket.' A friend advised us to omit the whole verse, but it seemed best to insert it with the following note, which was written by the poet in Charlestown State Prison, to whom we sent a proof of his own poetry. 'This piece was contained in the same sheet, and he wrote at the bottom, his view of the moral state of prisoners. The reader will be gratified to see a note from *within* the prison: 'I have not met with any, such as this verse speaks of. I believe there is not one in *this prison* who is so totally depraved.' C. M.

This testimony comes from one who has mingled with criminals of every description, and is certainly worthy of our attention.

Note (3.) *Prisoner's Address to his Mother.*

The author of this beautiful production, is an inmate of the Massachusetts State Prison, and has been there about six years. His poems indicate a superior order of intellect, show him to be possessed of refinement of feeling, a generous philanthropy, and the inspiration of a natural poetic genius. Mr. Robinson, the excellent Warden, was accustomed to converse with him occasionally, while he was at work. One day he said to Mr. R. that he often dreamed of writing poetry. Perhaps, said the Warden, you can write it while you are awake.

Note (4.) *The Condemned.*

The author of these lines was a printer, and worked in this city. He was accused of the crime of murder. At his execution a scene of horror occurred that beggars all description. It is described by one who seems to have been an eye-witness :—

‘ He dashed from the foot of the scaffold among the military. But he was easily secured. *** He succeeded in thrusting his hands between the rope and his throat, and thus, resisting and struggling to the last, died despairing, and for aught that human eye could see, impenitent.’ ***

It is said that he was afterwards found to be INNOCENT !

(5) *My Mother.*

(In the Rhode Island State Prison, there is a cell curiously ornamented by various paintings on the wall,—the work of a convict. Directly under the window which lights the cell, is the *Lord's Prayer* ; over the bed, are the *Ten Commandments* ;) above the door, is a copy of a very singular advertisement in which things are called

by their right names; on the door is the name, *COSMOPOLITE HOTEL*; by its side, the *Bride's Farewell*; and then on the other side, are the *Convict's Address to his Mother*, the *Gambler's Wife*, some sentences entitled *What I would do*, *True Charity*, and two sportive pieces. These are all painted in very smooth, elegant letters, on the rough, white-washed, granite wall, and exhibit a skill at lettering seldom rivalled. They were thus painted by the convict who introduced the manufacture of elegantly painted *fans*, of which very many thousands have been made in the prison, most beautifully decorated with flowers, or birds, or other ornaments, finished with a precision of drawing and niceness of execution truly surprising. The poem is one of the above mentioned pieces, with the signature as annexed.

. THE CONVICT'S ADDRESS TO HIS MOTHER.

Note (6.) *Wm. Lloyd Garrison.*

In the "Genius of Universal Emancipation" of Nov. 29, 1829, Mr. Garrison announced the fact that the ship *Francis*, owned by Francis Todd of Newburyport, had sailed from Baltimore with a cargo of slaves for the New-Orleans market, seventy in number, and severely denounced Mr. Todd for his inhuman conduct; asserting that there was no difference in principle between the foreign and the domestic slave-trade, and that the same punishment which is awarded to persons in the one traffic, should be impartially inflicted on those engaged in the other. Mr. Todd brought an action of libel against Mr. Garrison, which resulted in his imprisonment for seven weeks, in the Baltimore jail, and his being fined one thousand dollars, by a slaveholding court; though Mr. Garrison

proved on his trial, by the custom house records, that the ship *Francis* carried off eighty-eight, instead of seventy-five slaves, for the purpose stated. But, "the greater the truth, the greater the libel."

Note (7.) *Madame de la Mothe Guyon.*

We have not room to go into an extended notice of this unfortunate woman. We therefore give the simple note which accompanied the poems from our warm, faithful, and learned friend named below :

BRUNSWICK, April 7th, 1847.

DEAR SIR,

Feeling an interest in your proposed publication of a volume of Poems written in Prison, I take the liberty to send to you the following poems, translated from the French of Madame Guyon. This pious and distinguished lady was confined ten years in the Bastille, and other prisons in France. During her imprisonment, she wrote many poems, chiefly on religious subjects, which were subsequently published in four volumes. Of those which accompany this, three were translated by Cowper. Perhaps you may find room for some of them, either in your proposed volume, or in the Prisoner's Friend.

I remain very respectfully yours,

THOMAS C. UPHAM.

Note (8.) *Montgomery.*

JAMES MONTGOMERY, one of the sweetest devotional lyrists, (perhaps the most celebrated poet of this class, in the world), was born Nov. 4th, 1771, in Scotland.

While editor of a newspaper called "The Iris," published in Sheffield, he was indicted for print-

ing a song commemorative of the destruction of the Bastile, and imprisoned in York Castle, for the space of three months, besides being fined twenty pounds. Some time after his release, when he had resumed his editorial labors, he was again arrested and imprisoned for a politically obnoxious passage, in an account of a Sheffield riot. It was during this latter confinement, that he composed the series of poems, entitled 'Prison Amusements,' first issued in book form. Mr. Montgomery is highly esteemed in England, and wherever he is known, for his sterling integrity, and beloved for his amenity of disposition, and his interest in human welfare. His beautiful poem, commencing with the words, 'A poor wayfaring man of grief,' is alone sufficient to preserve his name from sinking into forgetfulness.

Note (9.) *Pilgrim's Progress.*

John Bunyan was the son of a tinker. He was born in 1628. He was one of the most remarkable men of his age. He composed several works in prison. His whole library while confined consisted of the Bible and Fox's book of Martyrs! He employed himself during his long confinement in making tagged laces for the support of himself and family. His crime was being a maintainer and upholder of assemblies for religious purposes, which after the Restoration had been declared unlawful. His *Pilgrim's progress* is so entertaining that the heart becomes interested in every transaction. His forms and invention were uncommonly fertile; his wit was sharp and quick; his memory excellent, so that

he committed his sermons to memory before preaching. His works are in two folio volumes; they contain as many treatises as he lived years! He died August 12, 1688, aged 60.

An anecdote is related of a certain Quaker, who visited Bunyan in his cell, declaring 'that the Lord had sent him, but that he had been searching all over London to find him.' To which Bunyan replied, 'If the Lord had sent you, he would have directed you here, for he knows I have been in this prison these twelve years.'

Note (9.) *Thoughts in Prison.*

The history of this ill-fated and unfortunate divine is too well known to need detail from the Compiler. Becoming embarrassed he forged a note upon Chesterfield. On being convicted, some of the most powerful talent of England was enlisted in his behalf; even the great Dr. Johnson plead warmly for his pardon. There has scarcely been an execution in which a deeper interest has been felt. A most fervent petition was presented in person by his wife, in which she says 'she hath been the wife of this unhappy man more than twenty-seven years;' and * * * that many are the hearts which he has freed from pain, and the faces which he has cleared from sorrow.' The ruling Sovereign was inexorable. He met his fate calmly. He ascended the cart at the gallows and spoke to his fellow sufferer. He prayed for himself, his wife and the youth that suffered with him. His *Thoughts* are dated Feb. 24, 1777, and on June 25, same year, he writes, 'On Tuesday morning I am to be made immortal! I die with a heart truly contrite and broken under a sense of its great and manifold

offences, but comforted and sustained by a firm faith in the pardoning love of Jesus Christ.' * * *

It is a remarkable fact that the king absolutely declared that he would never pardon a criminal for that species of forgery of which Dr. Dodd was guilty. From that hour that *kind* of forgery increased !

(10.) *The Farewell.*

We were kindly favored with an entire volume of Sir Walter Raleigh's Poems by the Librarian of Harvard College to whom we are largely indebted. We see not how any one can read the lines without a deep feeling of sympathy. Raleigh was distinguished as a navigator, a historian, a soldier and a politician. Amidst all his cares he found leisure for the cultivation of letters. He was the friend and patron of Spencer, as may be learned from the following couplet : —

' Of me no lines are lov'd nor letters are of price,
Of all which speak our English tongue, but those of thy device.'

Speaking of his death, to one who deplored his misfortunes he said, ' that the world itself is but a large prison, out of which some are daily selected for an execution.' In bidding farewell to his friends, he said, ' I have a long journey to go, and therefore I will take my leave.'

Having asked the executioner to show him the axe, which the executioner hesitated to do, he cried, ' I prithee let me see it ! Dost thou think I am afraid ?' He then took hold of it, felt the edge, and smiling, said to the sheriff, ' This is a sharp medicine ; but it is a physician for all evils.' He forgave the executioner, and being asked which way he would lay himself on the block, he answered, ' So the heart be right, it is no

matter which way the head lies.' At two strokes his head was taken off without the least shrink or motion of the body.

Note (11.) *Placido.*

For this account, we are indebted to the authoress, who kindly loaned us the Liberty Bell, of 1845, for which the poem was translated.

This noble being was publicly executed in Havanna, in July last, on the charge of having attempted to free the slaves of Cuba. Himself a man of color, and originally a slave, he wished to be the Spartacus, the Washington, of his race. His heroic calmness as he emerged from the church, where, agreeably to the Spanish rites, he had been made to pass the twenty-four hours preceding his last; saluting his acquaintances, and then chaunting in a loud voice this prayer, which he had just composed, produced an impression of the deepest regret on the throngs through which he passed to execution. The recital will make the American abolitionists resolve anew, as at the commencement of this enterprise, to reject, and to entreat the oppressed to reject, physical force, in their attempts to gain deliverance.

The translation gives nearly the literal meaning; but our language hardly affords the means of doing justice to the 'long low-rolling knell' of the Spanish.

Note (12.) *Hymn to the Pillory.*

This Hymn was composed by DE FOX, the writer of the celebrated work of Robinson Crusoe. He was confined two years in Newgate Prison for an alleged libel. It is a stinging sa-

tire upon this 'State Trap of the Law,' as he terms it. Pope alludes to De Foe, in his satire :

'Fearless on high stood unabashed, De Foe,
And Tutchin flagrant from the scourge below.'

In this couplet, Pope has joined with De Foe Tutchin, whom Judge Jeffries ordered to be so inhumanly whipt, that he petitioned the King to be hanged ! After this satire appeared, the noted Thomas Brown, produced a pleasant dialogue 'between the Pillory and Daniel De Foe.' Ned Ward in a book written against De Foe, makes the following allusion :

'The Pillory was but a Hook
To make him write another book :
His lofty Hymn to th' wooden ruff
Was to the law a counter-cuff,
And truly, without Whiggish flattery,
A plain assault and downright battery.'

He finely contrasts in the other two verses, the conduct of the slave owners, with those of the Spaniards, who butchered the people of Mexico, to possess their gold, and 'left one third of God's creation void.' He gives the palm of superior mercy to the latter.

De Foe is said to be the author of the following singular verse :

Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
The Devil always builds a chapel there,
And it will be found on examination,
The latter has the larger congregation.'

De Foe wrote two hundred and ten works ! Some suppose he wrote more, from the fact that he did not alway prefix his name to his productions. He possessed a lively imagination, solid judgment, invincible integrity, a resolute temper, and great fortitude of mind. He was never awed by the threats of power, nor deterred from speaking truth by the insolence of the great.

Note (13.) *James I.*

This monarch was confined eighteen years Windsor Castle. He was only eleven years age when it commenced. The news was brought to his father, we are told, 'while at supper, and did so overwhelm him with grief that he was almost ready to give up the ghost into the hands of the servants who attended him. But being carried to his bed-chamber he abstained from food, and in three days died of hunger and grief at Rothesay.'

The subject of his poem was his love for Lady Jane Beaufort, daughter of the Earl of Somerset, of whom he became enamored while in prison, and to whom he was subsequently espoused. There is a beautiful story connected with his long imprisonment which will undoubtedly gratify the reader. It is said that at one time in awaking from a trance, and rising from his stony pillow, he prayed that some token might be sent to confirm the promise of happy days. Suddenly, a turtle dove of the purest whiteness came flying in at the window, and alighted upon his hand, bearing in her bill a branch of red gilliflower, in the leaves of which were written in letters of gold the following sentence:—

'Awake! awake! I bring, lover, I bring
The news glad that blissful is, and sure
Of this comfort, now laugh and play and sing,
For in the heaven decreed it is thy cure.'

He received the branch with mingled hope and dread; read it with rapture, and this, it is said, was the first token of his increasing happiness. We are indebted to Chamber's Encyclopedia of English Literature for our extract.







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